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THE EDUCATION OF THE STREETS.

I THINK it was the late Sir Robert Peel who, in the course of an education debate in the House of Commons, spoke of the education of the streets. The great statesman used the expression in a very simple and elementary way. Those were the days before School Boards, and he only meant that besides schooling there were other ways in which children picked up education. They could look at pictures in the shops; they could spell out the big letters on the posters; they could take count of all they saw and heard; through a hundred avenues information and ideas would be flowing in upon them. In these days we think it a great thing to take children out of the streets and send them to school. The education grant used to be a mere item; but now it is one of the heaviest portions of our expenditure, and, we may trust, in the long-run the most remunerative. But still there is an education of the streets incessantly going on, not limited to childhood nor debarred from age; an education moral, intellectual, dramatic, and social. The ladies are the keenest and most deserving scholars in this special education. Few men care to 'go out shopping' with them. We wretched men have a mysterious instinct, akin to that of the lower

animals, in the region of the breeches-pocket, and explain the feminine gazing at a shop-window by the theory of the organ of acquisitiveness. But this is by no means generally the case. The ladies' delicate and exact taste is busy with all the rare and radiant objects of the great London bazaar. To them the rich contents of the shops behind the long lines of plate glass are a veritable picture-gallery, a wondrous diorama. We speak of Great Exhibitions; but London has a Great Exhibition all the year round to those who, even through the shop-windows, will examine the products of all parts of the earth heaped together in the emporia of the City and the West-end. Wherever there is the appreciation of beauty or utility, the desire of novelty, the thirst for information, a process of education is constantly going on in the streets of a great city.

What an infinite amount of instruction, if your mind readily yields itself to the laws of association, can be derived from the London streets! To people who know English literature and history, all the stones of these streets are eloquent. A whole population of ghosts haunt the immemorial pavement. You may learn or remember something at every step. Why, the very tavern signboards have their story:

the White Horse Cellar, the Golden Cross, the Cock, the Cheshire Cheese. Some commemorate great victories and great commanders. The vans have names known in Parliament and all over the world: Chaplin & Horne, Bass and Allsopp, W. H. Smith & Son, and others which you pass in all the great thoroughfares. As you lately watched the people gather in front of the shops containing war maps, noticing how the tiny flags advance or recede, you thought how many had first thus formulated their geographical notions of the south-east of Europe. The passer-by may get a distinct lesson at each picture-shop and at each book-seller's. At some shop you see the neat packing-cases directed to some far-off address in India or Australia. As you go to the gun-shop you meet men discussing how they have followed the large game in Africa or the shore-shooting in Holland. At the mercer's you have all the associations of births, deaths, and marriages around you: the bride-elect and the expectant bridesmaids are selecting the white and colours, and contrasting with the gay sponsalia is all the dark luxury of grief. At the jeweller's the happy youngster is selecting the ring, or perhaps a mighty order for jewelry is being given for the young lady who is being married and leaving England for years. The very gold and gems are suggestive of far-off countries and remote histories. As you look through the barred windows of the money-changer's, you may get a lesson in coinage and currency. As you walk from Charing Cross to St. Paul's Churchyard you have specimens of all the nationalities. You meet the Chinese and the Japanese, the Turk, the negro, and may catch a jabber of all European tongues.

You pass the offices of the great newspapers, with their organised network of information all over the globe; the offices of great societies which are combating with moral evil wherever their operations can extend. Even the very notices that are officially posted up are interesting. An oratorio of Handel's is to be performed at Exeter Hall—of Handel, who for anxious disappointed years could win no attention for his heavenly notes. Here a great modern historian is stepping out of his study to lecture the world on the well-worn theme of the influence of climate upon the national characteristics. You pass by the 'Discussion' Forum which frightened Louis Napoleon with the idea of conspiracies. The London markets alone give practical education, not only to the sharp little street Arabs who sleep in the baskets, but to any one who makes a set expedition to investigate them. Covent Garden is best in the morning, with all the sweet scents and sights of the earliest flowers and fruits; Billingsgate gives you the edible fish of many seas, and Leadenhall Market the furred and feathered game of many lands. These last are best visited at opportune times, when you may bring home a heavy bag, furnished as if by the best of sportsmen. It is quite a lesson in natural history to count up the birds and fishes.

But the streets give us more than the education of fact and information. Indeed, we all ought to know that education is something different from instruction. Instruction means putting something in, and education means drawing something out. Now the education of the streets, beyond the knowledge of facts observed, elicits and sharpens the powers of observation and comparison. It

teaches people to be careful, accurate, and civil. Napoleon, in his conversations in St. Helena, would never admit that he had ever done any harm by the bloodshed of his wars. He said that war was a very good thing. 'It made people sharp.' Now there is a kind of guerrilla warfare going on in the London streets which has a tendency to make people sharp. Indeed, every year there are enough accidents in these London streets to make up a tolerably sanguinary engagement. A man certainly learns the practical use of his eyes and ears, and how to take heed literally that his footsteps slip not. It is all very well for lawyers and judges to say that the road as well as the pavement is the property of the public, and that drivers of vehicles have no right to inconvenience those who want to cross the street. This is a very poor consolation when a man finds himself knocked over by a hansom or a fast-driven cart. Until manslaughter of this kind is punished, there will be several thousand persons killed or maimed annually in the London streets. So the streets may teach us quietude, directness, caution, and tact. It is quite as well, though, that there are policemen stationed in the middle of the roads to help incautious people to pass the crossings. Now there is something at times which is very noticeable and interesting in the passing of a crossing. I have seen a delicately-nurtured lady step back and take a blind man by the arm and convoy him across the road. Pleasant, too, to see little children taken by the hand or lifted in the arms to make the passage safe and easy to them. I have heard one case which actually led to a marriage through kindly help given in the crossing of a street. In fact, there is a

great deal of character to be seen in the way in which people walk. There is the quiet, courteous, graceful walk, and a blustering assertive walk. An old story illustrates the difference: 'I don't give the wall to every snob,' said one of the last kind. 'But I do,' was the quiet and cutting rejoinder, if the fellow had only the sense to see it.

As a rule, people in London move quickly and silently. There is an ever-shifting diorama, a moving picture-gallery. As men pass on about their business, they seem entirely intent on that and that alone. Men glide by often with serpentine sinuosity of movement. Mr. Tennyson must have acutely watched the streets when he makes his City clerk say:

'My eyes
Pursued him down the street, and far
away, [crowd,
Among the honest shoulders of the
Read rascal in the motions of his back,
And scoundrel in the supple-sliding
knee.'

The fact is that, amid all the constant moving to and fro, the passers-by are all along thoroughly observant and keenly critical. Anything unusual in man or woman would be instantaneously noticed. There is, indeed, a lore of the human countenance and the human heart. Sometimes we see faces that revolt us at once; all the grace and music of life appear utterly blotted out. We see evil faces that might belong to lost angels. Sometimes, on the other hand, we see faces of singular spiritual beauty.

This idea of the streets being a picture-gallery was a very familiar one to that great painter, Leonardo da Vinci. We are told that 'through long days he would follow up and down the streets of Florence or Milan beautiful unknown faces, learning them by heart, interpreting their changes

of expression, reading the thoughts through the features.' 'These,' says Mr. Symonds (*Renaissance in Italy*), 'he afterwards committed to paper. We possess many such sketches—a series of ideal portraits, containing each an unsolved riddle that the master read; a procession of shadows, cast by reality, that, entering the *camera lucida* of the artist's brain, gained new and spiritual quality. In some of them his fancy seems to be imprisoned in labyrinths of hair; in others, the eyes deep with feeling, or hands with gem-like brilliancy, have caught it, or the lips that tell and hide so much, or the nostrils quivering with momentary emotion.' The keen-eyed of the London streets, according to the measure of their experience, will repeat the experience of Da Vinci.

The streets in the busy hours of day have much to excite our curiosity and wonder. For some, the silent hours of night are equally instructive. Not long since, a distinguished statesman told how his thoughts had been deepened and his purposes strengthened by riding through London in a cab at two o'clock in the morning. 'A flash of inspiration' it was called at the time; and though some may consider that the fact of three million human beings uttering simultaneous snores is an incident which scarcely rises above the prosaic, yet even these unemotional critics will acknowledge that the deserted streets have suggestive hints to offer.

But it is the crowded streets that we want to speak of, and their busy scenes of activity. Of all the curious phenomena of metropolitan life, a London crowd is the strangest. Whether it be assembled round the lions of Trafalgar-square, to debate the expediency of materially modifying the

Constitution of the realm; or has been gathered together at the corner of the street, to learn from some public instructor in what way sixpence and a wedding-ring folded in a piece of paper may be sold for a penny, and a reasonable profit realised: whatever may be the purpose for which it has met, it will always possess certain characteristics to show its family likeness to other crowds. Both sexes will be represented, all ages will be present; and the weakest both in age and sex, hysterical ladies and helpless babies, are sure to muster the strongest where the danger of being crushed is the greatest. It will probably be observed, too, that about half the crowd will have a very vague idea of the purpose for which it has assembled. We have all heard of that humorous individual who stood still in the Strand, with his eyes fixed upon the horizontal tail of the lion on Northumberland House, until a huge crowd gathered round him and likewise stared at the harmless effigy; and it requires very little observation to assure us that the experiment would probably meet with equal success if it were again attempted. You have but to stop at any street crowd and inquire what it is that is exciting so much attention, and you will probably be told by the person to whom you apply for information that he is 'trying to find out.' he thinks there must be some unusual cause to make so many men stand still, and does not consider for a moment how many there are who are 'trying to find out' for what purpose they are waiting.

It is interesting to see how those acute observers, the novelists, take these things. They, we may believe, have eyes for the crowded streets, their picture-gallery, and their drama. This is

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ALONE

what Mrs. Gaskell says in that first and powerful story of hers, *Mary Barton*: 'It is a pretty sight to walk through a street with lighted shops; the gas is so brilliant, the display of goods so much more vividly shown than by day; and of all shops a druggist's, looks the most like the tales of our childhood, from Aladdin's garden of enchanted fruits to the charming Rosamond with her purple jar. . . You cannot read the lot of those who daily pass by you in the street. How do you know the wild romances of their lives; the trials, the temptations they are even now enduring, resisting, sinking under? You may be elbowed one instant by the girl desperate in her abandonment, laughing in mad merriment, with her outward gesture, while her soul is longing for the rest of the dead, and bringing itself to think of the cold flowing river as the only mercy of God remaining to her here. You may pass the criminal, meditating crimes at which you will to-morrow shudder with horror as you read them. You may push against one, humble and unnoticed, the last upon earth, who in Heaven will for ever be in the immediate light of God's countenance. Errands of mercy—errands of sin—did you ever think where all the thousands of people you daily meet are bound? I see, too, that Dr. MacDonald, in his last story, *The Marquis of Lossie*, has something to say about the streets. He says of his hero, the grave marquis: 'He took to scrutinising the faces that passed him, trying to understand them. To his surprise he found that almost every one reminded him of somebody he had known before, though he could not always identify the likeness.' The experience of many will coincide with Dr. MacDonald. For

a moment we seem to recognise a face. But it is not an individual face, but the type of the face, that we recognise. In fact there are many people advanced in life who, hearing of some newcomer, will say at once, 'Who is he like?' Consciously or unconsciously, we all recognise the types and make our classifications.

In certain localities we look out for certain people. If some ladies are so charming that it is a liberal education to know them, so the sight of persons whose names are historic help us to realise the character of our times. People used to watch Macaulay rolling, in Johnson's fashion, along the streets, and, as a *Times* critic said, muttering half aloud the sentences which were destined one day to astonish and delight the world. Sometimes there may be a reflected interest. 'I confess,' said a friend to the writer one day, 'I felt very proud when I walked down Parliament-street arm-in-arm with a Cabinet Minister.' The crowd always looks with keen interest on a Cabinet Minister. Who excites a livelier interest at the present time than Lord Beaconsfield? It is quite part of a man's education to know him well by sight. In Parliament-street and Pall Mall, as well as in Rotten Row, you may see the celebrities of the day. And not only this, but I have a quaint fancy of my own in singling out different people in the streets, and thinking that they are just the sort of people who would realise the characters of fiction. As I pass by Somerset House I am sure that I see Jack Eames and Mr. Crosby coming out of those vast portals; and little Kate Nickleby is tripping along in the fresh morning air to get to Miss Knagg's; and there are Thackeray's old Eastern warriors pulling their moustaches in front

of the bay windows of the club; there also are plenty of the rogues of all professions—popular persons, humbugging doctors, and lawyers of the Quirk, Gammon, and Snap species. Who goes along Goswell-street without thinking of Mr. Pickwick, or into the old Inns of Court without thinking of Warrington and Pendennis? One day I was in the east of London, and a clergyman took me with him a little distance until we got into a dingy street. With the utmost solemnity he pointed across it. 'There,' he said, 'Mr. Micawber used to live.' To him, Mr. Micawber, whether an airy creation of genius or simply a portraiture of Mr. Dickens's own father, was a far more real and substantial personage than any person who actually lived in the street.

But it is the leisurely kind of man who walks the streets deliberately who sees most of their by-play and reaps the largest harvest of impressions. I know a man who is always getting into adventures in the streets. In these days, when we are all shaken out of the conventional bag of society like so many smooth marbles, it is something to get hold of an adventure. My friend loves the Strand and Fleet-street and the sweet shady side of Pall Mall. He regularly takes his walks abroad with the intention of contemplating human nature as it appears in the London streets. He takes his time about it. He knows hundreds of people by sight; he can describe their avocations, read off their characters, and tell how they progress or retrocede as the years go on. I think he must have the most affable of countenances. Ladies go up to him and ask him the way if they have missed it. One day a young man walked up to him in the street and begged his

advice. It was about his sister, a young lady who wished to get a judicial separation from her husband, who treated her cruelly. One day an old lady asked him to take her ticket for her to a railway station in the country, as she had lost her purse. It turned out to be a very lucky railway ticket for him. This is not an unusual application in the London streets, but my friend's rule is to make an appointment at the railway station five minutes before the train starts. As a rule the appointment is not kept. He is as skilful as a Parisian *chiffonnier* in picking up even a scrap of paper if it looks important, and that is a fortunate wretch whose purse or parcel has fallen within his ken. Like Cuvier constructing a whole body from a bird, from snatches of conversation he can put together a whole story. He knows by sight each artist and journalist and every man of mark about town. He is a bit of a Bohemian in his nature; and when Bohemian meets Bohemian then comes the tug, not of war, but of friendship, with an adjournment to club or bar-parlour. He picks up the last rumour, the latest news, the current criticism, the tone and feeling of the day, and will, in fact, confess that he gets the best of his daily education in the streets.

One comes to understand the fascination of the London streets, of that tide of life which Elia loved, and which, as Johnson said, 'is highest at Charing Cross.' I can understand the feeling of the Londoner who was obliged to live in the country, and had the flagging of a pavement laid down, and street-lamps put up, and people to run up and down in front of his house. Any one who has really experienced the joy and excitement of the London streets will never be satisfied to forego

them for once and all. And especially there is that highest moral teaching with which the streets are eloquent, that symbolism which they afford of the very highest truths. Do they not teach us much of justice and fair dealing and honest effort and great industrial triumphs? Do they not teach us much of catholicity and toleration and thankfulness and pity? They exhibit to us the infinite temptations to which life is liable, all the infinite play of human motive and movement. Our palaces of State tell us of law and order and politics; the portals stand open for the highest exhibitions of human genius in lyric, dramatic, artistic ranges; the proud Exchange collects the industries of the world, and thus reminds us that the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; and the solemn doors are open of abbey and cathedral, that silence or music may soothe us in the turmoil, and welcome us to meditation, repentance, and sacred resolve.

The streets have instruction for all. Their associations mould the characters of all. We have referred to the change which London life causes in the thoughts and disposition of the traditional countryman—a brood not extinct—who visits the metropolis; but though the influence is less marked, it is not less real on those who have been trained from infancy within the sound of Bow bells. We Londoners boast of our prudence, our cunning, our knowledge of men; and we say that for all this good sense we are indebted to experience. Which, as far it goes, is quite true; but we cannot tell when and where we obtained the experience. We know that the observation of years has accumulated for us a store of knowledge, and has developed in our minds

a tone of thought no less than a method of expression, yet we cannot trace the source whence it all sprang, the influence that called it into being. And so, for a great deal, we have to content ourselves with vague definitions, and attribute it to 'the man in the streets,' who has been continually educating us though we did not know it. To summarise his teaching is not very easy, for it is often contradictory though it has its salient features. Sometimes it is suggestive of kindly impulses and generous deeds; but ordinarily it eschews sentiment. It is very practical; and if the survival of the fittest is not always insured by it, it at least favours that law of natural selection which ordains that the weakest shall go to the wall and the strongest come forth to the front.

All this is a very necessary kind of instruction. The battle of life has to be fought, and stern necessity will require that we should at least understand the conditions of the conflict. The street comes like the Sibyl, and offers us leaves of precious instruction. Many have denounced it. De Quincey calls Oxford-street 'a stony-hearted stepmother;' and Tennyson's hero speaks of the 'long unlovely street,' and sings also:

'I hate the squares and streets
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me.'

But their teaching, though severe, is kindly. The streets of London are not, indeed, paved with gold; although there are many City sites of which it is literally true, that if covered with gold this would not realise their value. But to many a one who has learned aright their sharp lessons, they have proved a high-road to fortune, and their sterile repellent tracts have not failed to yield some portion of fruits and flowers.

CHRISTMAS IN MOROCCO.

'To-morrow Christmas for Moros!' said the gentle Hamed, our Moorish servant, entering the room soon after the bang of the last sunset gun of Ramadan had shaken our windows, and the thick smoke of the coarse Moorish powder had floated away, temporarily obscuring the gorgeous hues bestowed by the retiring luminary on the restless waters of the South Atlantic.

'To-morrow Christmas for Moros! In the morning Hamed clean house, go for *soko*; then all day no *trabally*; have new *haik*, new slippers, walk about all same *tejjer*.'

By which little speech our faithful attendant meant to convey that to-morrow's rejoicing at the termination of the long and irksome fast of Ramadan was equivalent to the 'Ingleez's' Christmas, and that, after putting the house in order and bringing the provisions from the *soko*, or market, he would do no more *trabally*, or work—the word being a corruption of the Spanish *trabajo*—but would don the new *haik* and bright yellow slippers for which he had long been saving up, and to the purchase of which certain little presents from the children of our household had materially contributed; and would be entitled, by prescriptive holiday right, to 'take his walks abroad' with the *dolce far niente* dignity of a *tejjer*, or merchant.

I think we members of the little English community of Mogador—or, as the Moors fondly call this pleasantest town of the Morocco seaboard, 'El Souërah,' or

The Beautiful—had almost as good reason as the Moslem population to rejoice at the termination of the great fast. The Moors not being allowed, during the holy month, to eat, drink, or smoke betwixt the rising and the setting of the sun—the more sternly orthodox even closing their nostrils against any pleasant odour that might casually perfume the air in their vicinity, and their ears against even the faintest sound of music—debarring themselves, in fact, from whatever could give the slightest pleasure to any of the senses, a considerable amount of gloom and listlessness was the inevitable result.

The servants in the various households, not over active and intelligent at the best of times, became, as the weary days of prayer and fasting wore on, appallingly idiotic, sleepy, and sullen, would do but little work, and that little never promptly nor well. Meals could not be relied on within an hour or two, rooms were left long untidy, essential little errands and messages unperformed, and a general gloomy confusion prevailed.

Did I, tempted by the smoothness of the sea, desire a little fishing cruise, and send a youthful Moor to the neighbouring rocks to get me a basket of mussels for bait, he would probably, directly he got outside the town-gates, deposit the basket and himself in the shade of the first wall he came to, and slumber sweetly till the tide had risen and covered all the rocky ledges where it was possible to collect bait. Had I

told the youngster overnight that he must come out to sea with me in the morning, and take care that my boat was put outside the dock, so that she would be afloat at a certain hour, I would find, on going down at daybreak with rods and tackle, that the boat was high and dry upon the mud, and it would take the united efforts of half a dozen Moors and myself to get her afloat at the end of nearly an hour's frantic struggling and pushing through mud and water, necessitating on my part the expenditure of a great amount of perspiration, not a little invective, and sundry silver coins.

And when we were fairly afloat my Mahometan youth would be so weak from fasting that his oar would be almost useless; and when we did, after an hour or so of the most ignominious zigzagging, reach our anchorage on one of the fishing-grounds, then would he speedily become sea-sick, and instead of helping me by preparing bait and handling fish, he would lean despairingly over the side in abject misery, and implore me to go home promptly—a piteous illustration of the anguish caused by an empty stomach contracting on itself.

Nor were these the only discomforts under which we groaned and grumbled.

From the evening when the eager lookers-out from minarets of mosques and towers of the fortifications first descried the new moon which ushered in the holy month of fasting, every sunset, as it flushed the far-off waves with purple and crimson and gold, and turned the fleecy cloudlets in the western sky to brightest jewels, and suffused the white houses and towers of Mogador with sweetest glow of pink, and gilded the green-tiled top of each tall minaret, had been accompanied by the roar of

a cannon from the battery just below our windows.

'What the deuce is that?' asked a friend of mine, lately arrived from England, as we strolled homewards one evening through the dusty streets, and the boom of the big gun suddenly fell upon his astonished ear.

'Only sunset,' I replied.

'Queer place this,' said J.

'Does the sun always set with a bang?'

'Always during Ramadan.'

'Does it rise with a bang too? I hate to be roused up early in the morning!'

'No, there is no gun at sunrise; but there is a very loud one at about three in the morning, or sometimes half-past, or four, or later.'

'Shocking nuisance!' remarked J. 'My bedroom window's just over that abominable battery.'

That early morning gun was a great trial, certainly. I would not have minded being *réveillé en sursaut*, as a Frenchman would say, and then turning comfortably over on the other side, and going to sleep again.

But somehow or other I always found myself awake half an hour or an hour before the time, and then I *could not* get to sleep again, but lay tossing about and fidgettily listening for the well-known din. At length I would hear a sound like the hum of an enormous fiendish nightmarish mosquito, caused by a hideous long tin trumpet, the shrill whistle of a fife or two, and the occasional tom-tomming of a Moorish drum. 'Ha, the soldiers coming along the ramparts; they will soon fire now.'

But the sound of the discordant instruments with which the soldiery solaced themselves in the night for their enforced abstinence from such 'sweet sounds' in the

day would continue for a long time before the red flash through my wide-open door would momentarily illumine my little chamber on the white flat roof, and then the horrid bang would rend the air, followed by a dense cloud of foul-smelling smoke; and then would my big dog Cæsar for several minutes rush frantically to and fro upon the roof in hot indignation, and utter deep-mouthed barks of defiance at the white figures of the 'Maghaseni,' as they flitted ghost-like along the ramparts below, and snort and pant and chafe and refuse to be pacified for a long time.

At the firing of the sunset gun the Moors were allowed to take a slight refectation, which generally consisted of a kind of gruel. I have seen a Moorish soldier squatting in the street with a brass porringer in his lap, eagerly awaiting the boom of the cannon to dip his well-washed fingers in the mess.

At about 9 P.M. another slight meal was allowed to the true believers, and they might eat again at morning gun-fire, after which their mouths were closed against all 'fixings, solid and liquid,' even against the smallest draught of water or the lightest puff at the darling little pipe of dream-inducing *kief*.

On the twenty-seventh day of Ramadan we were informed that twenty-seven guns would be fired that night, and that we had better leave all our windows open, or they would certainly be broken by the violence of the discharge. This was pleasant; still more delightful was the glorious uncertainty which prevailed in the minds of our informants as to the time at which we might expect the infliction.

Some said that the twenty-seven guns would be fired before

midnight; Hamed opined that the cannonade would not take place till 3 or 4 A.M. Many of the guns on the battery in close proximity to our abode were in a fearfully rusty and honeycombed condition, so that apprehensions as to some of them bursting were not unnatural, and I thought it extremely probable that a few stray fragments might 'drop in' on me.

That night I burned the 'midnight oil,' and lay reading till nearly two, when sweet sleep took possession of me, from which I was awakened about four in the morning by a terrific bang that fairly shook the house.

A minute more, and there came a red flash and another bang, presently another. Thought I, 'I will go out and see the show,' so I went on to the flat white roof in my airy nocturnal costume, and leaning over the parapet looked down on to the platform of the battery below. A group of dim white figures, a flickering lantern, a glowing match, a touch at the breech of a rusty old gun, a swift skurry of the white figures round a corner, a squib-like fountain of sparks from the touch-hole, a red flash from the mouth, momentarily illumining the dark violet sea, a bang, and a cloud of smoke.

Then the white figures and the lantern appeared again; another squib, another flash, another bang, Cæsar galloping up and down over the roof, snorting his indignation, but not barking, probably because he felt 'unable to do justice to the subject,' and at length, after the eleventh gun had belched forth crimson flames and foul smoke, all was peace, save a distant discord of tin trumpets, *gouals* and *gimbris*, and I returned to my mosquito-haunted couch with a sigh of relief.

Pass we now to the eve of

'Christmas for Moros,' and let ethnologist and hagiologist derive some satisfaction from the evidences I collected in this far-away Moorish town that the gladness of the Mahometan festival does, similarly to the purer joy of the Christian, though in a less degree perhaps, incline towards 'peace and good-will to men,' charity and kindness.

As we sat chatting that evening round the tea-table, to us entered Hamed, bearing, with honest pride illuminating his brown features, a great tray of richly engraved brass, heaped up with curious but tempting-looking cakes.

Gracefully presenting them to 'the señora,' he intimated that this was his humble offering or Christmas token of good-will towards the family, and that his mother (whom the good fellow maintains out of his modest wages) had made them with her own hands.

The cakes were made of long thin strips of the finest paste, plentifully sweetened with delicious honey, twisted into quaint shapes, and fried in the purest of oil. I need hardly say that the children were delighted, and immediately commenced to court indigestion by a vigorous onslaught on the new and tempting sweets. Nay, why should I blush to confess that I myself have a very sweet tooth in my head, and such a liking for all things saccharine that my friends say jokingly that I must be getting into my second childhood?—an imputation which, as I am only a little on the wrong side of thirty, I can bear with equanimity. However, I firmly decline to inform an inquisitive public how many of those delightful Moorish cakes I ate: truth to tell, I do not remember; but I enjoyed them heartily, nor found my digestion impaired thereby.

We had a little chat with Hamed—whose face was lighted up with the broadest of grins as we praised his mother's pastry and showed our appreciation of it in the most satisfactory manner—on certain matters of the Mahometan religion and the position of women in the future life. Some of the sterner Muslims believe that women have no souls; others opine that while good men go to '*Eljannah*,' or heaven, and bad ones to '*Eljehannam*,' or hell, women and mediocre characters are deported to a vague kind of limbo which they designate as '*Bab Maroksh*,' or the Morocco Gate.

But the gentle, liberal, and gallant Hamed informed us, in reply to an individual query with regard to our Moorish housemaid, that 'if Lanniya plenty good, no *tiefem* (steal), no drinkum *sharab* (wine), and go for *scula* ("school," or religious instruction in the mosque, or in a schoolhouse adjoining it), by and by she go for *Eljannah*.'

I am hardly correct, by the way, in speaking of Lanniya as 'housemaid,' for Moorish maidens and wives never go into the service of European families, being prohibited by their religion from showing their faces; it is only widows and divorced women who may go about unveiled, and mingle with Christians.

The next morning, soon after the last gun of Ramadan had sounded its joyous boom in my ear, I was up and stirring, donning my shooting apparel, and preparing for an early country walk with my faithful four-footed comrade. I had no fear of exciting the fanaticism of the Muslim population by going out shooting on their holy day, for there is not much bigotry in Mogador,—Moors, Christians, and Jews observing

their several religions peacefully side by side, so that three Sundays come in every week, the Mahometan on Friday, the Jewish on Saturday, and then ours.

The sun, just rising from behind the eastern sand-hills, was gilding all the house-tops and minarets, till our white town looked like a rich assemblage of fairy palaces of gold and ivory; the smiling sea, serene and azure, came rippling peacefully up to the base of the rugged brown rocks, enlivened to-day by no statuesque figures of Moorish fishermen; nor did a single boat dot the broad blue expanse of the unusually smooth South Atlantic, of which the fish and the sea-fowl were for once left in undisturbed possession.

As I gazed from the flat roof away over the great town, I heard from many quarters loud sounds of music and merriment. As I passed presently through the narrow streets, with their dead white walls and cool dark arches, scarcely a camel was to be seen at the accustomed corners by the stores of the merchants, where usually whole fleets of the 'ships of the desert' lay moored, unloading almonds, and rich gums, and hides, and all the varied produce of the distant interior.

Outside the town-gates the very hordes of semi-wild scavenger dogs seemed to know that the day was one of peace, for they lay in the sunshine, nor barked and snapped at the infidel intruder as he walked over the golden sands, along the edge of the marshy pool, past the pleasant-looking Moorish cemetery with its graceful verdant palm-trees, a calm oasis in the sandy plain, and out across the shallow lagoon formed by overflows of high tides, through which a few late trains of homeward-bound camels went softly stepping,

looking wonderfully picturesque as they marched through shallow waters so beautifully gilded by the morning sun, their drivers doubtless eager to reach their own home or the shelter of some friendly village to participate in the modest revelries of the joyous season. How I wandered along the shore of the 'many-sounding sea,' enjoying a little rough sport, and the blithe companionship of the big doggie; how I saw never a Moor upon the rocks, but many Jews with long bamboo rods, busily engaged in fishing for bream and bass and rock-fish, it boots not to describe with a minuteness which might be wearisome to my readers, for I am not now writing 'of sport, for sportsmen.'

So let us turn homewards, as the sun is getting high in the heavens, and note the scenes by the way.

Yonder, near the marshy corner of the plain, haunted by wild-fowl, and carrion crows, and mongrel jackal-like dogs, is the rough cemetery of the despised 'Jehoud,' the Israelites who form so large and so wealthy a portion of the population of Mogador. Among the long flat stones that mark the graves of the exiled sons and daughters of Israel there is a winding crowd of white-draped figures, a funeral procession. Unwilling to intrude upon their grief, I pass on, casting an involuntary glance at the picturesque garb and wild gesticulations of the mourners as the women's loud and bitter cry of 'Ai, Ai, Ai, Ai!' sounds weirdly through the air, just as it may have done in the old scriptural times, when 'the mourners went about the streets' and gave unchecked vent to their grief in public, even as they do to this day.

But as I neared the Morocco Gate, from the neighbouring 'Run-

ning-Ground' came very different sounds—a din of many drums, a squeaking of merry fifes, the firing of many long Moorish guns, the shouting of men and boys, and the eerie shrill *taghariet* of the Moorish women.

And as I passed in front of the round battery, out from the great gate of the New Kasbah came the crowd of men, women, and children who had been clamouring joyfully in the Running-Ground, a bright throng of brown faces and white raiment, interspersed with the gay colours worn by the little children, and dotted here and there by the blood-red of the national flag. Suddenly from a cannon just behind me came a cloud of smoke enveloping me and the dog, and a bang which fairly shook us, and then another and another. The firing of the guns from this battery was the spectacle the Moorish populace had come out to see.

It was an uncomfortable sensation to have big guns going off just behind one; they were only loaded with blank cartridge, of course, but we were quite near enough to be knocked down by a stray piece of wadding, and something did once whistle past my ear suggestively.

But it would never do for an 'Ingleez' to run away in the presence of a lot of Moors; so I walked calmly across the sands while the whole battery of guns—twelve, I think—were fired, Cæsar meanwhile prancing about majestically, and loudly giving vent to his indignation at a proceeding which he evidently considered, as he always does the firing of any gun or pistol by any one but me, an express insult to his master, and an infringement of his peculiar privileges.

I went home by way of the Water-Port, where there was no

movement of lighters or fishing-craft, no stir of bare-legged porters and fishermen, no bustle of Jewish and European merchants; nearly all the boats were drawn up on the shore, and those which remained afloat slumbered tenantless on the broad blue bosom of the sea. On rocks, and in the pleasant shade of walls and arches, a few figures, in bright and gauzy *haïks* and gorgeous new slippers, lounged and dozed, perchance tired with the revelries they had gone through since daybreak, and recruiting their energies for fresh rejoicings towards evening. Reaching home about eleven, I rested a while, deposited my birds in the larder, and then proceeded to stroll about the streets and see how the populace comported themselves on this festive occasion. I was sorry to learn that some of the younger and more fanatical of the Moors had been relieving their feelings by abusing the Jews, some of whom had had stones thrown at them, and their heads slightly broken. But this temporary riot was over, and now all was 'peace and good-will,' except that perhaps there may have lurked a little not unnatural ill-feeling in the minds of the broken-headed Israelites, who could not help feeling rather disgusted at the manner in which the Muslim youths had celebrated 'Christmas for Moors.'

As I passed along the narrow lane wherein the soldiers of the Kaid or Governor, in the snowiest of *haïks* and tallest and reddest of *tarbooshes*, squatted against the wall, chatting blithely as they awaited the advent of their master, a grave and venerable-looking Moorish grandpapa, hurrying along with a great armful of cakes in one of the folds of his *haïk*, stumbled against a loose stone and dropped several of the cakes.

I hastily stooped and picked

them up; the old man muttered a few words of blessing upon me, insisted on my accepting the dainties I had rescued from the dust, utterly refused to receive them back, pressed my hand, and hurried on, leaving me in a state of embarrassment, from which I was opportunely relieved by the arrival of a bright-eyed little Moor of some seven or eight summers, who was perfectly willing to relieve me from all trouble connected with the handful of cakes. Passing into the busy streets of the Moorish quarter, I found the population coming out of the various mosques, where they had been to morning service, and now going in for a systematic course of 'greetings in the market-place,' and purchasing of presents. O, for an artist's pencil and colours to depict the gorgeous costumes of the town Moors, the quaint wild garb of their country cousins; the gauzy cream-tinted *haïks* from Morocco; the rich silken *caftans* of purple, or crimson, or yellow, or green, or azure, or pink, sweetly half-veiled by a fold or two of snowy gauze thrown over them; the bright red fez caps, and voluminous snowy turbans of the patriarchal-looking old men; the broad silken sashes from Fez, heavy and stiff with rich embroidery of gold; the great curved daggers in their richly chased silver or brass sheaths, suspended amid the folds of the *haïk* by thick woollen cords of gay colours; the handsome brown faces, the flashing black eyes, the wonderful white teeth, the sinewy brown bare legs, the brand-new yellow slippers of the merry Moors of Mogador!

And the negroes, or, as old Fuller would quaintly have called them, 'the images of God cut in ebony,' how their honest black features glistened, and how their

bright teeth grinned beneath turban or fez, or gaudy handkerchief of many colours!

The negro servant of one of the European residents, a good-humoured giant of nearly seven feet, whom his master is wont to describe as 'his nigger and a half,' came stalking down amongst the little shops and stalls with a flaunting bandanna round his head, a purple jacket, a most gorgeous sash, a pair of green baggy breeches, a glittering silver-sheathed dagger, and a most imposing *haïk*, thrown in toga-like folds over all.

Negro women, unveiled, white-clad, adorned as to their shiny black arms with rude heavy bracelets of silver or brass, sat at street-corners with baskets of sweet cakes and little loaves for sale. Veiled Moorish women, perchance showing just one bright black eye to tantalise the beholder, glided along like substantial ghosts in the white raiment which enveloped them from their heads down to the little feet shod with red or yellow slippers embroidered with gold thread or bright-coloured silks. Women leading tiny toddlers of children, little bright-eyed boys with crowns shaven all but one queer little tufted ridge in the middle, deftly curled this morning by mamma's loving fingers; foreheads adorned with quaint frontlets, from which hung curious ornaments of gold and coral and silver, spells against the evil eye, talismans, and what not.

Little boys in beautiful cloth or silken cloaks of pale blue, or delicate purple, or crimson, or rich green, or golden yellow, trotting along as proud as peacocks, holding by the hand some tiny brother who can barely toddle. Children who have just had new slippers purchased for them, and are carrying them home

in triumph; children who, with funny little copper coins in their hand, are congregating round the stall of the swarthy seller of sweetstuffs, who is ejaculating loudly, '*Heloua, Heloua!*' busily brandishing a feathery branch of green *artim* the while, to keep the vagrom flies off his stores of rich dainties composed of walnut and almond toffee, pastes made of almonds and honey and sugar, little brown sugar balls thickly strewn with cummin-seeds, long sticks of peppermint, and other delicacies difficult to describe.

As to the grown-up Moors, never was seen such a handshaking as is going on amongst them. Everybody is shaking hands with everybody else, each wishing the other the Arabic substitute for 'A merry Christmas,' and after each handshaking each of the participants puts his hand to his lips and proceeds, to be stopped two yards farther on for a repetition of the performance.

On we go through the meat-market, and note pityingly the leanness of the Moors' Christmas beef, which has just been butchered, and of which an eager good-humoured crowd are buying small pieces amid much vociferation, chaff, and 'compliments of the season' generally.

Then we come to the green-grocers' shops, where we see huge radishes, great pomegranates, sweet potatoes, and bunches of fragrant mint for the flavouring of the Moors' passionately loved beverage, green tea; then to the grocers' quarter, where, asking a grave and portly Moor for a pennyworth of *fakka* (dried fruit), he puts into half a gourd-shell a pleasant collection of dates, almonds, figs, and raisins, hands them to us with benign politeness. Opposite his store is a low table covered with queer bottles

of all shapes and sizes, filled with a dubious-looking pink fluid, resembling the most delicious hair-oil, but apparently highly appreciated by the Moorish and Jewish youth who crowd around.

In the centre is a burly brandy-bottle, bearing the well-known label of 'J. and F. Martell,' now filled with a fluid presumably more innocuous than the choicest cognac; the big bottle is flanked by rows of little medicine-vials and long thin bottles such as are used for attar of roses and other Eastern scents; for the vendor of this bright-coloured liquor does not possess cups or tumblers, but dispenses it in the little bottles. A bare-headed youth, with shaven crown, tenders a *mozouna*, receives a two-ounce vial, empties it solemnly amid the envious looks of his comrades, sets it down, and walks gravely away.

Away we go too, Cæsar and I, and I note that there is hardly a Jew to be seen in the streets; they are afraid of stone-throwing, and outbursts of the slumbering hatred and contempt with which they are regarded by the orthodox Muslim.

As for Christians, Englishmen especially, they are much more tolerated and respected; and I know that I may walk the town all day without fear of molestation, and get plenty of kindly greetings and many a smile and shake of the hand.

Out of the busy market, up the narrow and shady streets, hearing sounds of the fearsome trumpet, which I have already compared to an exaggerated mosquito, meeting that instrument presently at a corner—a horrid tin thing about two yards long, wielded by a sinewy little man in a blue tunic, accompanying a gaily-dressed boy on a sleek and patient donkey. Firing and drumming and firing of guns going on all around.

Fierce-looking Moors and Arabs from the country leaning on their long silver-mounted guns, scowling at the 'Kaffer,' whom they have perchance not seen until they came to El Souërah. A veiled, but evidently portly, dame, leading by the hand a pretty little girl, in a red skirt below a rich garment of lace or embroidery, with a crimson hooded cloak or *djelab* over it, rich ornaments on her smooth brown forehead, enormous silver anklets, little bare feet, dyed, like her hands and those of most of the little girls and many of the big ones, a bright red with henna. Little girl shrinks behind her mother, afraid of the Giaour or of his big dog; the Giaour slips by with a smile, doggie with a friendly wag of his tail, and we go homeward for a while; Cæsar to make a hearty meal of the biscuits which have come all the way from England for him; his master to partake of lunch, then smoke a pipe on the roof, and look wistfully out over the bright blue sky, and let his thoughts wander far, far away to many a pleasant Christmas in a pleasant corner of the fair Western land:

'Where is now the merry party
I remember long ago,
Laughing round the Christmas fireside,
Brightened by its ruddy glow?'

But the Moor's Christmas has come early in October; there is time yet, and plenty of English steamers going backwards and forwards; who knows whether the wanderer may not yet spend the next Christmas by a genial English fireside, and recount to prattling children on his knee

(others' children, alas!) the curious sights, sounds, and scenes of 'Christmas for Moros'! But I have not quite done with you yet, kindly reader. I must just briefly tell you how I went out again in the afternoon with Cæsar and a two-legged friend, and found more shopping going on and more hand-shaking, and found the more festive spirits getting hilarious over green tea and coffee and *kief*; how we strolled down to the Water-Port and sat on the quay, surrounded by merry young Moors in their 'Sunday best'; how my friend essayed to sketch one or two of them, and they did not like it, but thought some evil spell would be put upon them thereby; how they asked us many questions about England, and particularly wanted to know how many dollars we possessed; how my companion won the hearts of some of the younger members of the party by teaching them how to whistle between their thumbs, and how to make a certain very loud and discordantly discordant screech; and how J. and I finished the afternoon by partaking of a delightful bottle of English ale in the courtyard of a cool store, leaning our chairs against massive stone pillars, and smoking the pipe of peace.

But I fear the stern Editor will not grant me any more space, and I must leave at present the recital of all that I saw on the ensuing day, which the gentle Hamed, if he were a *little* more closely acquainted with our institutions, would call 'Boxing-day for Moros.'

C. A. P. ('SARCELLE').

Mogador.

CLUB CAMEOS.

Culture.

LOOKING back at the past from the vantage-point of many years, there are few features in English life which more impress me than the giant strides made within the last generation in the matter of National Education. The knowledge which was considered highly creditable in a young man when our fourth George was king would be considered at the present day as hardly worthy of the position of an intelligent City clerk. In those 'good old times' a man obtained his degree often without examination, or when he had to go through that ordeal his papers for 'greats' were scarcely superior to those now put before the candidate at matriculation. If the army was to be his career, he donned his Majesty's uniform without troubling himself about the Commentaries of Julius Cæsar, the epochs of history, or the course of English literature; his commission had been paid, and nothing more was needed. Had he relatives in the law, he was destined for the bar, ate his dinners, and became entitled to wear his wig and gown, thanks to his stomach, and not to his brains. Was he a younger son with interest, he was appointed to a clerkship in a Government office, without first having to pay his fees to a crammer. But now the days of privilege are numbered, and the reign of education has been ushered in. The creed of the survival of the fittest is the religion under which we live and move and have our being, and it

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must be admitted that the born impecunious fool of this our age has a roughish future before him.

Yet it is an ill wind that blows no one any good. If the lot of the noodle is a hard one, that of the clever man was never more brilliant. Patronage has given place to competitive examinations, and the world of official and professional life is no longer an exclusive area, but an open field, where the prizes of the race fall to the swiftest. The scholar has it all his own way. He does not require to come of an ancient line, or to know a Cabinet Minister, or to possess capital; all he needs to command success are brains,—with perhaps a baptismal or medical certificate. He can rise to the highest posts in the service of our Indian Empire without being the nephew of a director or the friend of those in power in Downing-street. He can wear the blue and the scarlet of the Artillery and the Engineers; he can fly his flag as an admiral; he can take his seat on the woolsack; he can wear the lawn sleeves; he can become a member of the Cabinet—there is no limit to his ambition but the throne and the grave, provided he be one of the brilliant pupils of our new schoolmaster. As Demosthenes extolled the advantages of action, action, action, so now the sires of the rising generation din into the ears of their sons the advantages of education, education, education. Can we therefore wonder that the shrine of Minerva should be thronged with

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worshippers, and that she should be raised to the position of tutelary goddess of the nation? A great statesman once wrote that we lived under the Venetian system. Under whatever system we lived before the first Reform Bill, there can be little doubt about our now living under the Chinese system.

Nor is this progress in education limited to the higher classes. Culture—we believe that is the correct word—is now the aim and desire of all save the most vagabond. What with endless cram, competitive examinations, mechanic institutes, popular science, and school-books on all subjects for the million, it will be quite a treat in a few years to meet with a man who knows nothing. A veteran like myself, educated under the old *régime*, is about as much at home in modern conversation as an alderman upon a penitential diet. Everything that I learned in my youth has to be unlearned. Historical characters that I was taught to regard as monsters have now been proved to have possessed every domestic virtue; whilst the men who appeared to me all that was noble and good have, alas, turned out to be villains of the blackest dye. The constant revelations of science—and science is a subject which was never my strong point—bewilder me to exasperation; for no sooner have I made myself familiar with a recent discovery and disabused myself of all my former prejudices, than some great leader of science starts up, and proves most satisfactorily that what I have just acquired is nothing more than a tissue of false conclusions drawn from unsound premises, and utterly worthless in theory and in practice. Then this enlightened person is in his turn contradicted by another great leader in science; and so the ball goes rolling until, what

with dogmatic assertions and vehement refutations, it seems to me that life is too short to make a study of science. It is the same with theology: all my early impressions upon the subject have been shown to be most erroneous; yet what to believe is very puzzling, for no two divines teach alike, and every theory is at variance with its fellow.

Sometimes I think the ignorance and simple faith, which were the fashion in my younger days, preferable to this very advanced state of education, which destroys so much and builds up so little. We are so educated that not only do youths in their teens glibly discuss the most abstruse subjects, but our lower orders have caught the contagion. They in their turn have acquired that little knowledge which Bacon says is so dangerous a thing, and the consequence is that they are gradually becoming discontented with their position in life. The educated tradesman is ashamed of keeping a shop, so he calls his quarters an 'emporium.' The working man, who jumbles up history, geography, and political economy at a night-class, calls himself an 'artisan.' The counter-jumper, who drops his *h's* at a debating club, dubs himself an 'assistant.' The bagman is 'a commercial gentleman,' the young person is a 'young lady,' the clerk is an 'employé,' the hairdresser is an 'artiste,' and for aught I know to the contrary the dustman may call himself an 'artiste in refuse,' and his brother of the watering-cart an 'employé in hydraulics.' A system of education which renders a man happier in his position in life, which makes him a better creature and a more respectable citizen, is a great national boon; but a system of education which makes him

ashamed of his calling and sullen to his superiors, whilst not rendering him qualified for a superior station, is a very doubtful advantage. Hence one of the results of this false shame is to cause a great exodus from the working classes into the middle classes. The prosperous shop-keeper declines to bring up his son for the lower walks of trade. The field is now so open—thanks to the example set us by John Chinaman—and the prizes to be obtained by the highly educated are so worth the winning, that every one wishes to qualify for the race. The son of the yeoman and the son of the tradesman jostle the son of the gentleman at every step—at the public schools, at the universities, and at the great examinations. But though the prizes are many, the competitors are to be counted by their thousands; and as only the few can win, the many who are defeated have no alternative but to add themselves to the already overcrowded middle classes, and intensify the fierce fight for life. With those whom education has placed in the ranks of the victors, existence is no doubt pleasant enough; but with those who have not been so successful, who have tried and have failed, what is their future! How many a tradesman, who sees his son, of whom he had such expectations, plucked for India or the Engineers, getting no practice at the bar, obtaining no patients in medicine, discontented, idle, and fit for nothing, too good for trade, not good enough for anything else, must have regretted the day when he vowed 'he would make a gentleman of the boy' instead of sending him into the shop! And how many a son, suspicious and sensitive, and made perhaps by an unkind world to smart under his social shortcom-

ings (you want money and success to carry off some things), must often have felt, in spite of his 'position as a gentleman,' that it would have been better for him to have been as his father before him, a prosperous tradesman, than a poor and unsuccessful 'gentleman'!

One man whom I know within the walls of the Caravanserai must often have indulged in such reflections. Mr. Thorne can hardly be considered in the light of an eligible member of our community. We are told that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, and it is surprising how disagreeable one cantankerous man who uses his club can make it to those around him. He is always coming upon the scene and cannot be avoided. If you go up to the library you find him snoring on the very sofa you want, with the very book you have come in search of in his useless grasp. If you dine accidentally at the club your table is sure to be placed next to his. Are you having a quiet chat with a friend in the smoking-room, most assuredly will this wretched being drop in and spoil the conversation. He is always quarrelling with the committee, and asking you to support his complaints; nor is it a pleasant task to refuse the request of the cantankerous. At billiards he disputes the accuracy of the marker; at whist his frowns and reproofs intimidate his partner; if you turn up the king at *écarté* his expressive smile plainly conveys to you the impression that he considers you a swindler.

From this you will perhaps gather that Mr. Thorne is not a popular personage, nor in arriving at that conclusion will you be much mistaken. Indeed, he is not a favourite. There are some men, no matter how illus-

trious their birth or how high their office, who from their charm of manner and attractive geniality are always known to their fellows by some fond *soubriquet* or affectionate diminution of their Christian name; but who, looking into the pale spiteful face of Mr. Thorne, with the sinister set in his cold gray eyes, and the angry lines round the snappish mouth, would ever think of addressing him otherwise than as Mr. Thorne? He has no friends, and the list of his acquaintances is limited. When he speaks to you he draws himself up to his full height, regards you with elevated eyebrows, and a general look of lofty superiority on his sickly countenance, and expects you humbly to listen to him, as if he were conferring a great favour in imparting the opinions his splendid intellect has arrived at to so incompetent a creature as yourself. 'What I hate about that fellow,' said a frank youth to me, 'is that he always treats every one as if he were a damned ass.' The remark is forcible, but it not inaptly hits off the character of this superior person.

Mr. Thorne is one of those men with whom conversation is impossible. He will address you, he will lecture you, he will instruct you, but he will not chat with you; conversation with him is a monologue, in which he is the speaker. If you interrupt him he will look at you as if utterly dumbfounded by your audacity; if you advance an opinion he will promptly contradict it; and if you ask him a question upon a subject of which he knows nothing he will reply in his nastiest tones that 'he is not a schoolboy.' When he is present he is Sir Oracle, and permits no one to interfere with his monopoly of eloquence and information. He

passes his judgment upon the works of the greatest writers, patronising them if he approves of their views, or running them down to the lowest depths of disparagement if he differs from them. The range of his criticism is wide, embracing every subject, from music to archæology, and from astronomy to comparative philology. Quack is a favourite word of his. If a man has attained to fame by some brilliant discovery, or by the publication of some erudite work, or by the achievement of some great deed, Mr. Thorne, who hates success as only the failed can hate it, brands him as a quack. Essentially a critic, and the turn of his mind purely receptive, our lofty genius piques himself upon his creative faculties, and is indifferent to everything that is not what he considers original. It must, however, be admitted that there are few things which Mr. Thorne considers original outside his own literary efforts; for no sooner is some discovery said to be new, or some author becomes famous for the novelty of his opinions, than this kindly person proves that the discoverer has only improved upon an old plan, and that the writer is a plagiarist. Listening to this critic it would appear that we have amongst us no scientific men worthy of the name, no profound philosophers, no statesmen who are not adventurers, no historians who are aught than ignorant copyists, no artists, actors, engineers; in short, that there is in this country but one man whose learning and brilliant abilities save her from contempt, and his name is Mr. Ebenezer Thorne. If to detract from the fame of established reputations, if to take the exact opposite of public opinion, if to be guided alone by the jaundiced views of a splenetic

egotism be originality, no one will deny that Mr. Thorne is of all men the most original; and long may the monopoly of such a gift be confined to him!

The existence of such a creature is due entirely to our system of advanced education. Mr. Thorne is one of the painful results of culture—to be pronounced, if you please, ‘culchaw.’ The son of a fairly prosperous boot-maker in Oxford-street, he was sent as a lad to one of the large City schools. Here his aptitude for mathematics and the superior calibre of his abilities generally attracted the attention of the head-master. Young Thorne soon worked his way up to the sixth form, and gained most of the prizes in the school. It had been the intention of the worthy boot-maker to let his son have a good commercial education, and then to take him into the shop as a partner. But the father, like many men whose sons are more brilliantly endowed than themselves, was somewhat in awe of his boy. How could he ask a young man who could spout page after page from the orations of Cicero and Demosthenes, who could read the comedies of Molière without a dictionary, and who was quite at home in conic sections and hydrostatics, to add up a ledger, put on an apron, and take orders? There was no alternative but for the father to ‘make a gentleman of the lad.’ He came to this resolve with a sigh, for he knew the profits of the shop were not to be despised; and, from several of the bad debts he had on his books, he also entertained a shrewd idea of what a ‘gentleman’ was. Yet there was no help for it; he had educated his son above his position, and there was no blame to be attached to the boy if he sneered at his

father’s calling. ‘There is nothing like leather,’ we all know; so let us appreciate at its proper value the sacrifice made by the parent.

Accordingly, young Thorne was sent to Cambridge. That he would pass all the examinations was never for one moment to be doubted. He had been the head of his school, and it was fully expected that he would greatly distinguish himself. Nor would these hopes have been disappointed had the peculiarities of his temperament not made themselves now painfully visible. Mr. Thorne declined to follow the counsels of his tutor; he rejected the books he was told to study; he disputed many of the conclusions that the greatest mathematicians had arrived at. His was one of those lofty minds not to be fettered by tutors and nourished upon school-books. He would rely only upon himself; he would take nothing for granted; he would be his own mathematician, geometrician, and astronomer; and the consequence was that instead of being, as he had modestly expected, Smith’s prizeman and amongst the first three wranglers, he came out in the middle of the Junior Optimes. Of course it was from no fault of his; he had often feared what the result would be; the examiners were jealous of him, and had entered into a conspiracy to defeat him. One of the most painful features in the character of Thorne is that he will never acknowledge himself worsted from any failure of his own. As the Frenchman, when he is beaten, always cries out, ‘*Nous sommes trahis*,’ so Thorne always ascribes his unsuccesses to jealousies, combinations, and conspiracies. Why the world should put itself to such inconvenience as always to spy upon his every action and

misinterpret his every motive none of us have as yet been able to discover. Perhaps, after all, it may be that the world is not so malicious as Mr. Thorne alleges, and that its censures are but the outcome of its honest judgment and opinions.

Quitting Cambridge, Thorne took up his abode in London at the paternal villa of Fulham. So superior a person declined to go through the drudgery of working for professional success. He had no interest at the bar; he despised commerce; and of course, as became a man of his enlightened views, he held that religion was but the result of hereditary prejudices, and the Church but an organised superstition. He resolved to devote himself to science, and to show the world how unjust had been the treatment he had received at the hands of that school of a larger growth—the University. He wrote a work on 'Gravitation,' in which his views were so 'original' that he inveighed against everybody who had previously illustrated the Newtonian theory, and maintained that his own conclusions were the only sound ones upon the subject. The book was damned by the press, and the publisher's ledger displayed an alarming sale of forty copies, of which twenty-five had been bought by the proud father of the author. But the confidence of Mr. Thorne was not damped; the world only cared for frivolity, the critics were a parcel of venal and spiteful hacks, and the council of the Astronomical Society had conspired to crush him. He declined to be crushed. He wrote a volume on the 'Multiple Stars,' another on 'Sound,' a third on 'Tidal Investigations,' an essay on 'Optics,' and a treatise on 'Statistical Couples.' None of these great

works have as yet brought either money or fame to their illustrious author, and this being the case, the old bootmaker roundly declared to his son that he could no longer afford to keep him in idleness, and that he must look out for some employment. A fourth-rate insurance office being in want of an actuary, Mr. Thorne sent in an application, and was glad enough to be appointed to the post. We have to thank one of his directors for electing this great genius a member of the Caravanserai.

We are told by Sydney Smith that the dissenters of Bicester were very fond of declaring that until their arrival there was no such thing in their town as intellectual light—all was wrapped in ignorance, incapacity, and the Established Church. Mr. Thorne is gifted with not a little of the conceit and arrogance of the Bicester dissenter. Until his election to the Caravanserai, he considers that no man of real culture or superior attainments had ever been admitted within the club. Though surrounded by statesmen, distinguished lawyers, well-known members of the House of Commons, men of letters who had taken high honours at the University, *et hoc genus omne*, he calmly regards himself as the intellectual star of the establishment. It is his judgment that should alone be accepted; his opinion that should alone carry weight. He knows what the Government is going to do and what it should do better than the one or two Parliamentary Under-Secretaries who honour the smoking-room with their presence. He lays down the law about art, in spite of the R.A.s and A.R.A.s who are amongst his audience. If the Astronomer Royal were to sit at the next table to him he would condemn many of his conclusions.

He criticises everything and everybody, yet in all his criticisms his object is to show, either by implication or by positive statement, how very much better he could have done the work under discussion. His own brains are the standard by which he measures everything; and, therefore, whenever he says in his most dogmatic manner, 'I cannot understand it,' or 'I have never heard of it,' it is to be at once conclusive that the subject which engages our attention is beneath notice. Whenever any classical or French quotation is made in his presence he has a disagreeable trick of asking what you said, and on the request being complied with of dryly saying, 'O!' and then of repeating the quotation *very* distinctly, as much as to say *that* is the way it should be pronounced. It was of Mr. Thorne that it was once said that had he been present at the Creation he would have given a few hints.

Yet, let us be charitable; for much of this irritating omniscience Mr. Thorne has a certain excuse. He has never found his level. At school, at the University, in his little circle, he has always lived in a set who have looked up to him with blind adoration. At home he is surrounded by those to whom socially and intellectually he is greatly the superior, and he lords it over the parental circle with that despotism which is generally accorded to these dictators of a coterie. Thus he has acquired a habit of not only laying down the law, but of imagining that because education is a novelty to himself and to those in his own sphere, it must be equally a novelty to others. We know how the man to whom champagne is an unwonted luxury talks about that vintage; how the snob swaggers about having met a lord; how

the beggar behaves when set on horseback; and therefore we must not be hard upon Mr. Thorne, considering his shortcomings, that he somewhat over-estimates his erudition. Nor has any one the wish to be hard upon him, if he would act with a little more tact and modesty. Conscious that he is the social inferior of almost every one in the club, he thinks it incumbent upon himself to assume a defensive tone in order to preserve his dignity. But he who is always on the defensive scarcely fails to be offensive. Suspicious to insanity, he snatches at every accidental remark, as if it were intended to convey a personal insult to himself. Should one member innocently say to another, 'It is ill waiting for dead men's shoes,' or 'There is nothing like leather,' or 'Shoemaker, stick to your last,' or 'What boots it?' or 'That is quite another pair of shoes,' and the like, Mr. Thorne grows pale and quivers, and imagines that allusions are being made to his origin. Of course at the Caravanserai we all know who the man is, though Mr. Thorne is under the delusion that he preserves the secret of his birth most cleverly; but with the good taste of Englishmen we hardly think of the matter, and would willingly hold out the right hand of fellowship to him were he a more agreeable personage. Yet with that strange inconsistency which is so puzzling a feature in human nature, it is Mr. Thorne who ever begins the aggressive; it is he who is always indulging in personal remarks, who is always branding a member as no gentleman, and who is always informing us what 'society' should do on certain occasions. It is true that he has more than once drawn upon himself some cruel retort which has silenced him for days, but it has only been after having richly de-

served it. He has made numerous enemies, and his foes know that his vulnerable point is 'the shop.' Thus tortured by his sense of social inferiority, yet exalted by what he considers his intellectual superiority, he goes through life transformed into that curious combination of antitheses which we so often see in men of the Thorne type—combative, yet shrinkingly sensitive; arrogant, yet humble; fearful of oppression, yet ever oppressing; a master one moment, a slave the next.

To me he is a study. Yet when I watch him turning pale at some covert sneer; jealous at the success of men who have distanced him; the holder of a petty appointment, after all the flourish of trumpets that had ushered him into the arena of life; bitter, sensitive, miserable—it seems to me how much happier he would have been had not 'culture' taken him out of his position, and we of the Caravanserai had been, instead of his companions, his customers.

SWITZERLAND, BY PEN AND PENCIL.

CHAPTER XIX. CHUR AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THE town of Chur, or Coire, ought to be seen on a bright summer day, when the neighbouring mountains have donned their festal array, and are all ablaze with golden light; when the steep sides of the Calanda wear their richest colouring, and the whole valley is decked in brilliant hues of green and gold. At such times as these the scene is exquisitely beautiful, and there is an indefinable something about both town and country which reminds one of the south and Italy. The very lines and forms of the mountains recall the ideal features of the scenery about Rome—the 'classic' scenery, as artists call it, which they esteem so highly.

The old part of Chur seems to have been built without any plan, and contains no regular street: it consists of crooked lanes and alleys, all of which are narrow and confined and very ill-paved; and yet the town has always been prosperous and well-to-do. Perhaps the fault rests with those who laid it out in the first instance. It is built in the form of a triangle, of which the 'Hof,' or Court, is the apex, and the Grabenpromenade the base. The principal thoroughfares are the Obere-gasse and Reichs-gasse, which run into the St. Martinsplatz. Chur was formerly divided into three parts—the village of Chur, which extended from the St. Martinsplatz to the Lukmanier Hotel; the Königshof, or Court; and the Borough, which contained the two Roman towers already mentioned and two churches. Modern Chur

is divided only into the Court and the Town, of which the former is certainly the best worth seeing. The prince-bishop used to reside within the precincts of the Court, where his palace, as well as the beautiful cathedral and Roman Catholic cemetery, are still to be seen. Here also stands the cantonal school, one of the best educational establishments in Switzerland.

The environs of the town are made pleasant by numerous gardens and magnificent fruit-trees; and if the townspeople grow weary of their narrow streets, and dissatisfied with the Malanser, Jenin-sar, and Herrschäftler wines afforded by such favourite restaurants as the Rothe Löwe and Süsse Winkel, they can go out to the Rosenhügel, at the foot of the Pizokel, and watch the Rhine as it flows past the heights of the Calanda, or look at the rivers Plessur and Landquart, while they drink their bottle of good old Valtellina and enjoy the peaceful sunshine in which Ems, Felsberg, Haldenstein, and the 'Five Villages' lie bathed below. On Sundays almost the whole population is to be found either at the Rosenhügel or the Lürli-bad; while those who are young and active climb up to the chapel of St. Lucius, which is situated on the slopes of the Mittenberg.

If we were to attempt any description of the many longer and shorter excursions which may be made in the immediate neighbourhood of Chur, such as those to Passug, to the Känzli, the ravine

of Scalära, to Trimmis and Schwarzwald, we should find ourselves in the position of the traveller at the good hotel Steinbock, who, after scanning the long bill of fare, and being somewhat puzzled by the mixture of Italian and German dishes, ends by pronouncing them all extremely good. We must, however, just mention the Maiensässe, on the Pizokel, as it is a particularly favourite resort of the people of Chur, and affords them a great deal of enjoyment in that most poetical season of the year, the early spring.

One great charm of the neighbourhood of Chur is the combination of Italian and German characteristics which one there enjoys—atmosphere, light, forms, and colouring all seeming to belong to both countries. There is a primitive, vigorous, healthful look, too, about everything; and this, with the historical reminiscences and old traditions connected with the place, constitutes an additional charm.

But we must not linger longer in the immediate neighbourhood of Chur; for summer is on the wane, and we have still to visit the valley of the Hinter Rhein.

The interesting but ill-famed village of Felsberg, formerly known as Wälschberg, is the first place we pass on the right of the road. It is extraordinary that people can cling so obstinately to a place which threatens them with hourly destruction. Masses of dolomite and limestone may at any moment fall down from the Calanda, for the mountain is always crumbling, and is constantly sending heaps of rubbish down into the valley. Not unfrequently the crash of the falling fragments is heard as far as Chur, and the whole place is enveloped in a cloud of dust. The great mound of *débris*, which gradually increased in size until

at last it towered over Alt-Felsberg, became at length so dangerous that, about thirty years ago, the inhabitants were obliged to move a little farther off and build themselves new houses. The situation is certainly not adapted for nervous subjects; but use is everything, as those who reside in the neighbourhood of volcanoes have discovered, and dangers which are chronic very soon come to be despised.

The landscape is constantly changing, but always glorious; and after passing through a succession of woods and meadows we at length reach Thusis, which lies between the Rhine and the Nolla, at the foot of a bare precipitous cliff at the entrance of the Via Mala. Thusis is a rather imposing-looking place, almost worthy to be called a town, and its inhabitants speak German. After the great fire of 1845, previous to which it had already been burnt down four times, it arose from its ashes in renewed beauty. Now that the street is made wider and the houses are less crowded together, there is somewhat less risk of fire; but it is still exposed to great danger from the floods of the Rhine and Nolla, which recur regularly every spring-time. In fact, the chronicles of Thusis, like those of the Rhine valleys in general, are a mere record of disasters; and when we turn to its political history things are not much better. There is one very dark page which tells of the reign of terror in 1618, when the French and Venetian ambassadors took up their abode in Thusis, finding it well adapted for their cruel purpose, and proceeded to take bloody and barbarous vengeance on the Roman Catholics. All the laws and customs of the country were set at defiance; as for moderation, or even common humanity, they

seemed to be qualities utterly unknown to the persecutors, and no lighter sentence than that of torture and death was ever passed upon the unfortunate victims. Whole families, and even whole communes and jurisdictions, were condemned at once. Those were evil times; and what with Spain, France, and Austria, who each and all claimed them by turns, the wretched people no longer knew to whom they owed allegiance. Meanwhile they managed to subsist on such gains as they could make out of the traffic between Italy and Germany, which, indeed, constitutes their chief occupation at the present day, though the road over the Splügen is not so important now as it was before the opening of the railways over the Brenner and through Mont Cenis. In winter a good many wagons pass this way, laden with casks of wine—for Thusis is famous for the well-known Valtellina; and in summer there are as many as ten diligences coming and going daily, besides numerous travelling-carriages, for there is no decrease whatever in the number of travellers annually attracted hither by the awful beauty of the Via Mala.

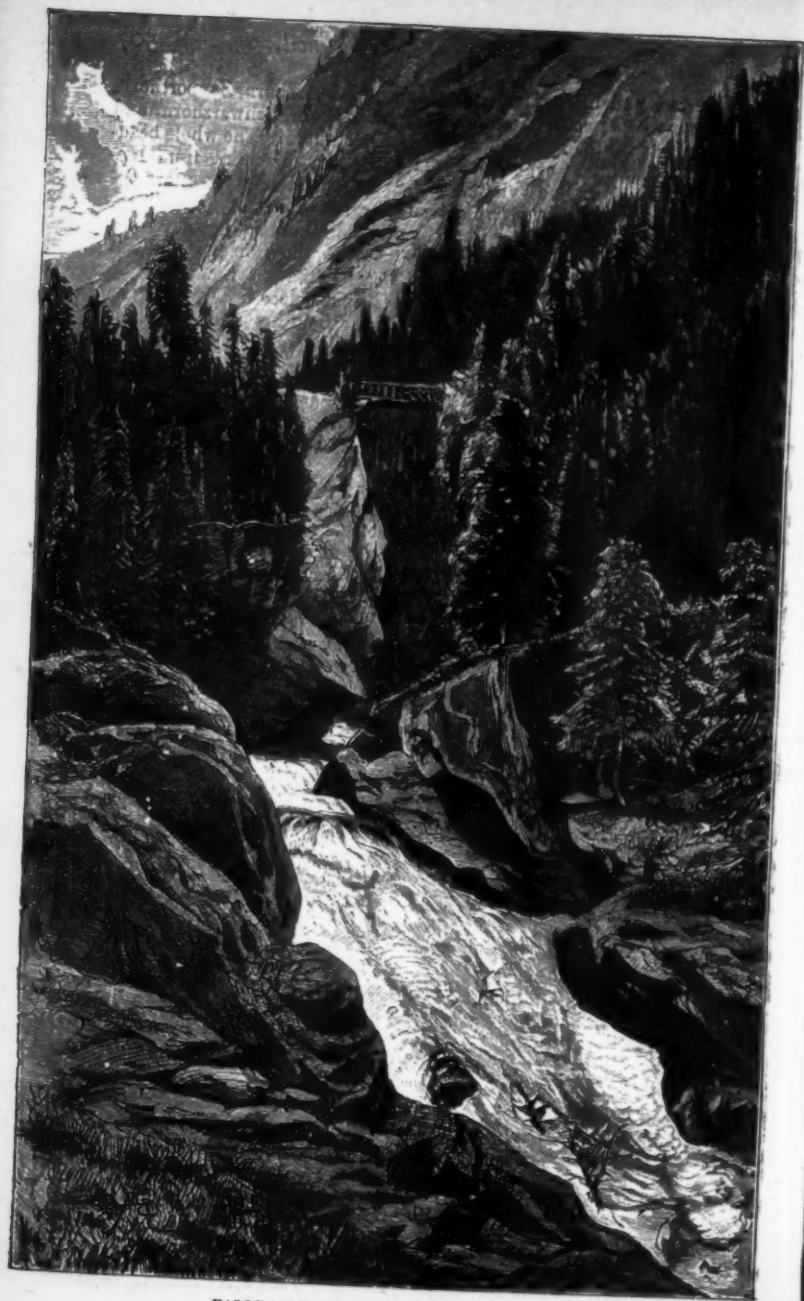
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The Splügen pass was formerly called Urseler, or Colmo d'Orso, which seems to point to its having been at one time haunted by bears. At the highest point stood a watch-tower, *specula*, from which Speluga and the Romansch Splügia have probably been derived.

Passing by Medels and Nufenen we reach Hinter Rhein, the last village in the valley, in about two hours. It is a very small place, inhabited by herdsmen, and lies almost at the foot of the huge glacier which culminates in the Rheinwaldhorn, or Piz Valrhein, eleven thousand feet high, and is flanked by the peaks of the Guffer-

horn, Marschalhorn, Zapporthorn, Hoehberghorn, Schwarzhorn, and St. Lorenzhorn. The whole beautiful group, extending from Nufenen to Monte Generoso, are together known as the Vogelberg, or Adula Mountains, called Mons Avium by the Romans, and Piz d'Uccello by the Italians.

The ice-palace from which the Hinter Rhein here issues forth is most majestic and beautiful, and much grander than the cradle of the Vorder Rhein. The stream, which is from the first of considerable size, rises in a vault of ice, near which the Romans built a temple to the nymphs. In later times, when Christianity had penetrated to these regions, a little chapel was erected here in honour of St. Peter, and soon became famous far and wide. Near the chapel there was also a hospice for the accommodation of those who crossed the Bernardino; it was afterwards occupied by hermit-brothers, but was so completely destroyed at the Reformation that nothing was left of it but one little bell, which still hangs in the belfry at Hinter Rhein. Making our way back to the last-named little village, we begin the steep ascent to the pass of St. Bernardino, which was known to the ancient Romans, and has long been a rival of the Splügen, though it can no more equal the latter in importance than the Splügen can equal the St. Gotthard. Still the Bernardino road is grand, even sublime, and takes us through some mountain-scenery of a solemnly magnificent character. In a couple of hours we reach the summit of the pass, where there is a very respectable mountain-inn by the side of the lake. Other tiny lakelets and pools lie scattered about close by, and from them issue the streams which constitute the sources of the Moesa. This river runs through



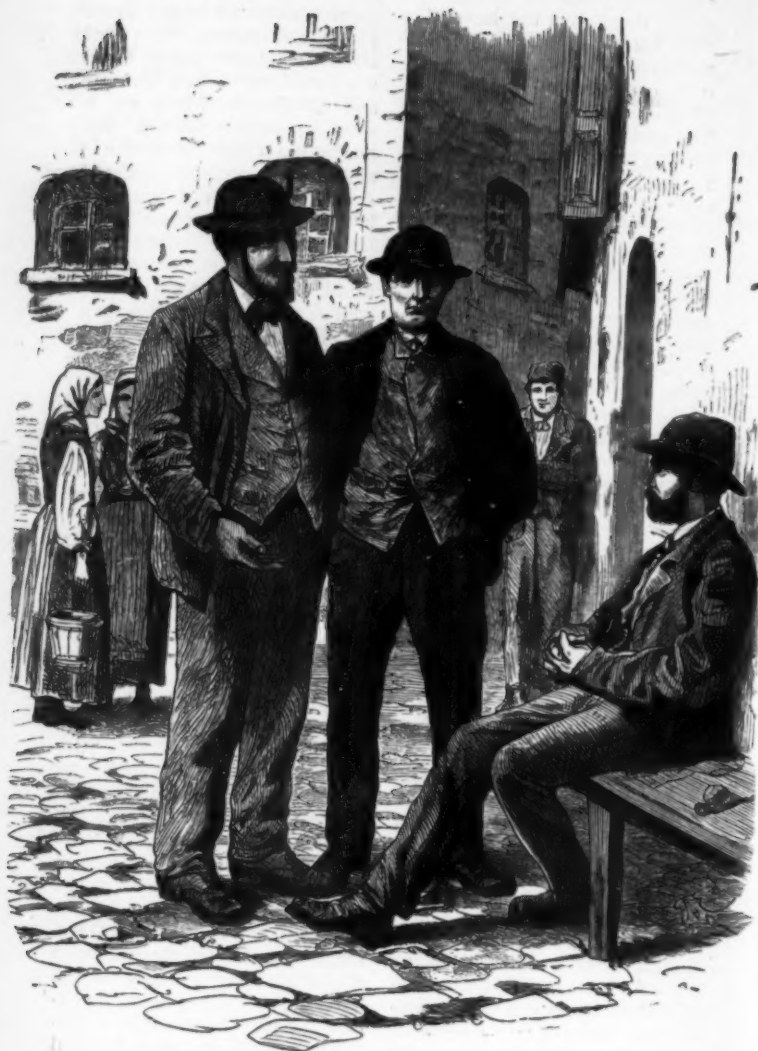
FALLS OF THE RUINE, ROFFLA GORGE.

the beautiful Val Mesocco, and eventually joins the Ticino. It rushes down from the mountains with much impetuosity, forming numerous cascades as it leaps and dashes over the rocks, and is spanned by several bold bridges. The road winds serpent-like along its margin, and brings us to our next halting-place, the small village and baths of St. Bernardino, where the valley expands a little, and the Moesa is augmented by the waters of the Val Vignone. It is a very quiet world-secluded spot, sheltered from the rude north winds by the ice-clad mountains which tower above it, and lying open to all the genial influences of the soft southern breezes.

The traveller feels at once that he is entering upon another world: he is surrounded by people of a different character from those he has left behind him, he hears Italian spoken on all sides, and everything he sees reminds him that he is in a Roman Catholic country. The influence of St. Carlo Borromeo, the famous and energetic Bishop of Milan, extended even to this remote place, and by him the tide of the Reformation, which had advanced hither from the north, was effectually checked and turned back. Already we feel that we are in Italy, the land of the olive and myrtle, for the sunshine is Italian in its fervour, and both the features of the landscape and its colouring are unmistakably Italian too. At Soazza we see the first chestnut-trees, and just below the beautiful cascade of Buffalora (one of several which enliven the valley) the vine begins to be cultivated, chestnuts become more abundant, and soon our attention

is caught by the light green foliage of the mulberry and fig tree. At every step we take, the flowers, plants, and creepers which clothe the sides of the valley become more southern in their character, and the people whom we see standing at the doors of their houses are decidedly Italian in manner and feature. They are Italian, in fact; and whether it be that they are more easily satisfied than their neighbours in the other valleys of the Grisons, certain it is that they are never so well off and prosperous. They generally leave Nature and the women to look after the fields and gardens as best they may, while they themselves, like the Ticinesi, go abroad and earn their living at small trades and handicrafts. This, at least, is what many of them do, and the number of emigrants every year is considerable.

In many parts of the Grisons, and also on the Splügen road, at certain seasons of the year one meets with numbers of men and women of a very different type from these. They are distinguished for their honesty, industry, and good looks, and are commonly called Veltliners; for they come from the Val Tellina, the beautiful valleys of the Adda and Moira, where the vine grows in luxuriant perfection. During the summer months they migrate to the northern side of the Alps, and hire themselves out as harvest labourers. They combine all the cleverness and vigour of the Graubündners with the natural grace and other characteristics of the Italians; and they possess the additional merit of wearing a particularly charming and tasteful costume.



PEASANTS OF THE VALLEY OF HINTER RHEIN.

CHAPTER XX. THROUGH THE ENGADINE.

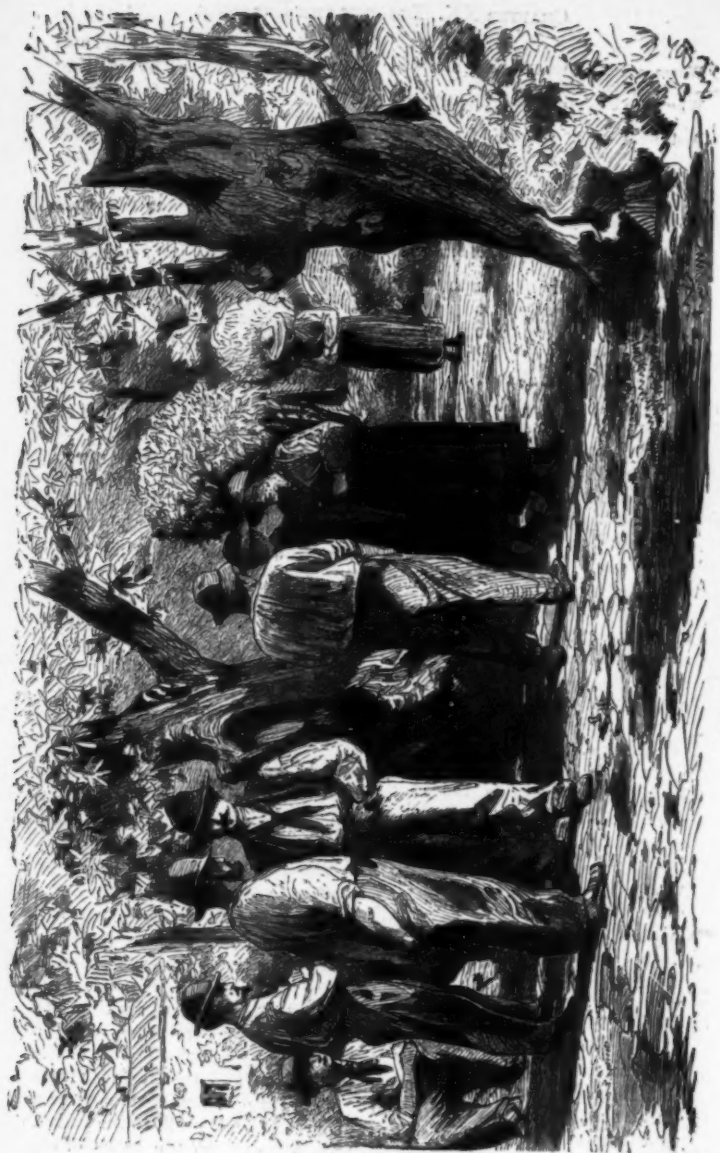
'Turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May.'

GOLDSMITH.

It, on some bright summer day, when the tourist season is just beginning, one could emulate the eagle's flight and hover a while over the Bernina Mountains, taking a bird's-eye view of the country below, we should see that it is a valley, and that it extends from the plateau of the Maloja in the south-west to the pass of Martinsbruck-Finstermünz on the Tyrolese frontier in the north-east; and more than this, we should see foreigners of all nations pouring into the valley on all sides, through all its various inlets, some in travelling-carriages and diligences, some on foot with only a staff in their hand, some accompanied by large trunks and heaps of luggage, and others having with them nothing but a knapsack. This valley is the Engadine, and there are as many as seven fine roads which all lead into it. Travellers from the north who have halted at Chur may choose between the Julier and Albula pass; and, further still, have the option of reaching Tiefenkasten either by way of Churwalden or by Thusis and the magnificent Schyn pass. Arrived at Tiefenkasten, they may take the western road through the valley of Oberhalbstein and over the Julier pass, which will bring them to Silvaplana in the Upper Engadine, or they may take the road to the east, which will lead them over the Albula pass to Ponte.

Those who are not in a hurry, and would like to begin by visiting the green meadows of Prättigau and part of the Lower Engadine, had better go through Landquart and Davos, and across the Flüela pass, unless they too prefer following the new road along the river as far as Tiefenkasten. Tourists from the plains of Lombardy will enter the Engadine either by Chiavenna, the Val Bregaglia and the Maloja pass, or they will pass through Tirano in the valley of the Adda, and then proceed by way of Poschiavo and the Bernina pass, which will bring them to Samaden.

As if these were not enough, there are besides two approaches from the Tyrol, one through the pass near Nauders, which leads into the Lower Engadine, the other leading from Meran to the Münsterthal and Zernetz in the Middle Engadine. In addition to these there are a number of other passes, mere footpaths, and practicable only for the pedestrian. In fact, it is only within the last thirty years or so that there have been any carriage-roads leading into the valley of the Inn; but during this time the energetic Graubündners have done wonders in the way of blasting, digging, levelling, and constructing, and all the post-roads are works of a most masterly character. Those who made them knew perfectly well what they were about, though they thought less of their own convenience than of making the way easy for foreigners, who at once recognised the beauty of the Engadine, and the healing virtue of its springs, and soon became a source of great profit to the valley. Since that time the baths of St. Moritz and Tarasp Schuls have become a sort of Mecca and Medina



PEASANTS OF THE VALLEY OF MOÏSA.

to invalids, while the rest of the Engadine is a perfect *El Dorado* for mountaineers and lovers of beautiful scenery; in fact, the Engadine has become decidedly fashionable. And why?

The question is speedily answered so far as the invalids are concerned, for the signal cures wrought by the chalybeate waters are matter of world-wide notoriety. It is rather more difficult to say why the number of ordinary tourists should increase year by year as steadily as it does; for the Bernese Oberland is decidedly more beautiful, with its mighty mountains and tremendous abysses, striking precipices, magnificent waterfalls, charming villages, fine buildings, and lovely lake scenery. It possesses, too, much greater variety, and is more romantic and picturesque than the Engadine, which has nothing of all this to recommend it, and is, it must be confessed, just a trifle monotonous. And yet, seeing that even now, when the first novelty is passed, it still continues to attract admiring visitors in ever-increasing numbers, it must possess charms at least as great as those of the beloved Oberland, though they be of a different character. The beauty of the Engadine is, indeed, less obvious and striking, and requires to be studied to be appreciated; for it consists mainly in the unspoiled and primitive nature of the landscape. Just as a man who has lived for years and years in fashionable society, in rigid conformity with all the rules of conventionality and etiquette, feels a sudden emotion of surprise and pleasure when by chance he is brought into contact with some simple unsophisticated specimen of humanity—one of Nature's noblemen—so those who are satiated with gazing on scenery

and landscapes of the ordinary type, magnificent as these may be, will find most refreshing, invigorating, and altogether beneficial effects produced by a tour through the Engadine, though at first they may find the country somewhat strange.

Under the name of the Engadine are included the mountains, the principal valley, and numerous lateral valleys, forming the great plateau, some fifty odd miles in length, which sweeps in a wide curve round the south-east of Switzerland and connects the north of Italy with the Tyrol and South Germany. The great chains of mountains which bound it on the north and south separate it on the one hand from the northern and central portions of the Grisons—the important valleys of the Prättigau, Davos, Bergün, and Oberhalbstein—and on the other from the southern districts of the Val Tellina, Poschiavo, Bormio, Münsterthal, and Vintschgau. The river Inn rises north of the Maloja pass, at the foot of the Septimer, and at a height of nearly six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and flowing through the whole length of the Engadine, falls some two thousand five hundred feet by the time it reaches Martinsbruck. This shows us that the Engadine lies at a greater elevation than any other inhabited valley in Europe, with the exception, perhaps, of the valley of Avers; and certainly there is no other at such an altitude which contains so large and thriving a population, or so many handsome and even wealthy villages. It is divided into two parts of unequal size—the Upper Engadine, which is about twenty-four, and the Lower Engadine, which is some thirty-three miles long; and though the division is primarily a political one, it is also

physical, as the two divisions are of an essentially different character. In the Upper Engadine there is generally a mile and a half, and often three miles, between the two chains of mountains which bound it on either side, and the breadth of the valley makes it possible to cultivate the soil to good purpose, while, at the same time, it affords comfortable space for the villages and hamlets with which it is thickly dotted. The meadows extend up to the foot of the mountains, and are succeeded by a narrow belt of pine-trees, above which are extensive alpine pastures stretching quite up to the precipitous rocky barrier which runs along on either side, with but little variation in height or outline. Over the crest of this wall-like ridge appear snow-crowned heights and extensive glaciers.

It will give us some idea of the elevation of the bottom of the valley, if we consider that St. Moritz and Samaden, which seem to be situated in a deep hollow, are really on a level with the summit of the Rigi, whose wide range of prospect we know so well. The whole of the Upper Engadine is said to have been a lake in ancient times, and there is a popular tradition to the effect that Madulein—in *medio Ceno*—was once surrounded by water. There are still four lakes in the upper part of the basin, one of them being the well-known lake of St. Moritz, and they are connected with one another by the river Inn.

The Upper Engadine extends to Punt-auta or Pont-alta, a bridge below Scafa, which spans the deep ravine between Cinoschel and Brail, where in the old troubled times stood a wall stretching across the valley in a diagonal direction, and dividing the Upper

from the Lower Engadine. Beyond this point, and throughout the Lower Engadine, which extends to the Pomartin or Martinsbruck, the mountains approach one another much more closely—so closely, in fact, that the valley often becomes a mere ravine, and the river disappears from sight, while so little space is left available for any human habitations that the people have been obliged to build their villages on terraces high up above the valley. The northern side, being more sunny as well as less precipitous, is, as a natural consequence, more thickly populated than the other. The villages are not, however, nearly so large or so town-like as those of the Upper Engadine. The most important are Zernetz and Tarasp Schuls—Fex and Scharl being mere clusters of cottages. But the Lower Engadine can hardly be said to have been explored as yet, and there is much that is worth seeing in its lateral valleys, which have hitherto escaped the notice of the ordinary tourist. No doubt they will be discovered in time; but, for the present, there is quite enough to occupy us in the upper valley.

As we have already remarked, the Upper Engadine lies so far above the sea-level, that the village of Samaden is very little lower than the summit of the Rigi; but if the traveller find it difficult to realise this, let him cross the Maloja or Bernina pass from Italy, and when he has at last toiled up to the village, after many hours' incessant climbing, let him just take notice of the fact that even now he is almost at the bottom of the valley, though he is still nearly on a level with the vast glaciers which the Bernina sends forth into it. In one description of the Upper Engadine the following passage occurs:

'The descent from the Bernina to the valley is hardly perceptible, and the traveller would not be surprised to find himself in the midst of alpine chalets and pastures; for, in point of fact, a valley such as this would be a mountain of very considerable size if it happened to be anywhere else; and after taking so long to get up to it one is surprised to find it so thickly populated and studded from one end to the other with such large handsome villages. The sides of the valley are clothed with trees, but not to any great height; the vegetation is of an almost exclusively alpine character, and snowy peaks rise on both sides immediately above the green alps, with which they are in close proximity. And yet the people here do not live in alpine chalets; quite the contrary. Their houses are, many of them, so large and well built that they almost deserve to be called palaces. The balconies, with their iron balustrades of artistic design, the wide steps leading up to the front door, and the windows symmetrically arranged in the fresh white fronts of the houses, show at once that the inmates are not likely to be cow-herds; and if we still cherish any such illusion it is speedily dispelled by the sight of the numerous carriages which may be seen rolling quickly along the well-paved carefully-kept roads in the valley. Such a sight as this is hardly to be seen anywhere else in Europe; and the traveller who finds himself in the midst of this animated scene, with evidences of refinement and culture all around him, can scarcely believe that he is actually close to and within sight of the boundary-line which marks off the habitable portion of the earth from that where all life ceases. And yet so it is.'

Accordingly, we shall not be astonished to find that there are no oranges to be gathered in this elevated region, and that the beautiful foliage of the beech, oak, elm, sycamore, walnut, and chestnut, with which we have been so familiar in other mountain-regions, is here altogether wanting. In fact, the Engadine is unfortunately characterised throughout by an entire absence of deciduous trees, and the otherwise pretty villages which stud the green pasture-lands look very bare and bald in consequence. The only trees are pines and firs, which grow and flourish in the steepest places and in the poorest soil, and seem to find the Engadine peculiarly favourable to their growth. They attain to a greater size here than almost anywhere else; and the red fir is found at a height of six thousand five hundred feet, the larch and *Pinus cembra* seven thousand feet, above the level of the sea. The last mentioned, a tree of very beautiful and vigorous growth, and a great ornament to the higher mountain-regions, is variously known as the Arolla, Arve, alpine, or Russian cedar, and Siberian pine, and is, *par excellence*, the tree of the Engadine, though less so now than formerly. At one time it was to be found in every part of the canton, and there were thick forests of nothing else; but now it has disappeared to a great extent, and is generally found intermingled with other varieties. Between Sils and Pontresina, however, there are still large woods in which it predominates. Vegetation in general is scanty in the Engadine, but such plants as there are will grow here at an elevation higher by some fifteen hundred or two thousand feet than they will almost anywhere else; and the snow-line is more

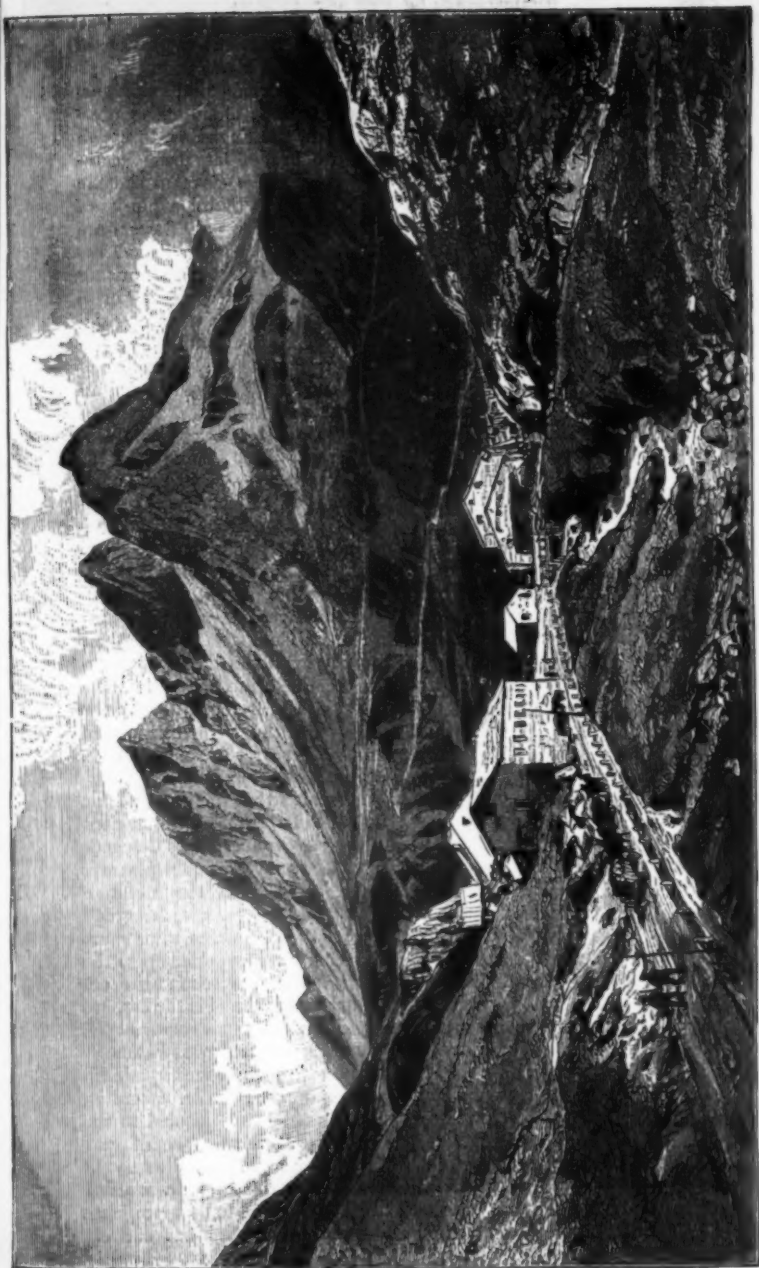
than twelve hundred feet higher than it is in any other part of Switzerland, being about nine thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea.

The wild animals of the canton are as essentially alpine in their character as is the vegetation. To be sure, the steinbock, or ibex goat, once common throughout the whole of the Engadine, has been utterly exterminated, and the chamois have so diminished in numbers that travellers very seldom succeed in catching sight of a specimen, though Tschudi maintains that there are still many more than a thousand in the higher mountain-districts of the Grisons. However, it is quite certain that their numbers are very different now from what they were when Colani, 'the chamois prince of the Engadine,' could boast of having killed altogether two thousand eight hundred head in the course of his life; and Zinsler, a huntsman of Scharans, killed thirty-one in the valley of Domleschg in the course of two months. On the other hand, the Engadine is so far better off than Bern in that it still possesses at least one genuine representative of the denizens of the old primeval forests, namely the bear, which in the last-mentioned canton is now only to be seen carved in wood. It is by no means rare in the Engadine, though it is allowed to be hunted at all seasons of the year, as are also the wolf, lynx, vulture, eagle, and, unfortunately, even the owl.

The Engadine possesses no native industries, and, as the population is chiefly agricultural and pastoral, we must look elsewhere if we would discover the source of the wealth and prosperity which the valley enjoys. The Engadiner is to be found in all

parts of the world; and, whenever one sees a flourishing coffee-house or confectioner's shop—whether it be in St. Petersburg, Paris, Rome, or Naples—one may be tolerably sure that the proprietor is a native of the Engadine. He is also frequently to be found engaged in trade, and as, whatever his circumstances may be, he is always frugal and thrifty, he almost always makes his fortune. But no sooner has he grown rich than he begins to yearn for home, and sooner or later he is sure to leave the busy bustling city, and go back to the small quiet village where he was born. There he builds himself a villa, which is quite a palace in its way, and spends the rest of his days in his own beloved native land, free from all care and anxiety. Now that we know the Engadiner to be such a cosmopolitan character, it is easy to understand how he comes to be so sociable, so well versed in the ways of the world, so quick at understanding foreigners, so well educated and experienced, and so ready-tongued. Almost all the men hereabouts speak their three or four languages with fluency, and the German is especially noted as being the best to be heard in Switzerland. Protestantism is the prevailing form of religion, and the people have always been very earnest in maintaining it. In times gone by they fought zealously for their faith and also suffered much for it, especially during the miserable Austrian crusades, as one may easily see by a glance at the history of the Engadine and the neighbouring district of the Prättigau.

The whole valley falls naturally into two principal divisions, as we have said; and so again the upper valley is divided into two clearly-marked and distinct portions by



WEISENSTEIN, ON THE ALBULA PASS.

the diagonal ridge of rock upon which the village of St. Moritz is situated. North-east of this natural boundary are the villages of Bevers ; Campovasto, also called Camogask ; Ponte, where the road over the Albula pass begins ; Madulein, with the ruins of the famous Castle of Guardavall ; Zutz, and Scanfa. Besides Samaden, which is more frequented by travellers than any other place in the Engadine except St. Moritz, there are also the villages of Cellerina, Campfer, Silvaplana, and the two hamlets called Sils, from which it is but a short journey to the pass of the Maloja, or Maloggia.

The Maloja pass is the most elevated spot in the valley of the Inn, being five thousand nine hundred feet above the level of the sea. It forms the boundary between the Upper Engadine and the valley of Bergell, or Bregaglia, called in Roman times *Prægallia*. This mountain sends forth its waters into the Black Sea, the Adriatic, and we may even say the North Sea, for the Septimer sends forth more than one tributary to join the Rhine. However, this fact will not be brought before our notice in a rapid journey over the pass, the objects most likely to attract our attention being the Piz della Margna and Piz Lunghino, which tower aloft on either side of the elevated plateau and its scanty sprinkling of cottages. More interesting than these two peaks, however, is the glorious view which the pass commands of the exquisitely beautiful valley of Bregaglia, which extends as far as Castasegna, a distance of about eighteen miles, and is bounded on the one hand by the mighty chains of Stalla and Avers, and on the other by those of the Val Tellina. Basking in the light of an almost Italian sun, and clothed

with the luxuriant vegetation of the South, it comes upon the traveller as a strange and sweet surprise after the monotonous pine-woods of the Engadine, to which his eye has of late been accustomed. In this elevated spot he is surrounded by huge blocks of granite, and the only flowers are Alpine roses. Here the road begins to descend with surprising abruptness, and proceeds in a series of steep perilous-looking zigzags to Casaccia ; and if any one should chance to find the air of the Engadine too cold, even in the August dog-days, he need only fly across the Maloja, and in a few hours' time he may take his seat under the blooming pomegranates which adorn the garden of Signor Conradi's hotel at Chivenna. Most tourists who come up hither, however, content themselves with a distant view of this enchanted ground, and then turn back satisfied, to pursue their journey for hours along the margin of the Lake of Sils, where there is hardly room left for the road, past the twin hamlets of Sils, and past Silvaplana to St. Moritz and Samaden.

Silvaplana too stands on a lake, just at the spot where the ancient road over the Julier pass descends into the valley. It is a pleasant place, situated in the midst of quiet green meadows, with a grand view of the mountains, some spurs of which advance close up to the roadway. These mountains are offshoots of the Piz Julier, so named, according to some people, in honour of their great Julius by the Romans, who were acquainted with the pass ; while, according to others, it was dedicated to the sun-god Jul, who was worshipped on its summit. The name of Silvaplana, meaning 'a wooded plain,' has ceased to be appropriate now that the wood has entirely

disappeared; but, standing as it does at the junction of the roads from Chiavenna and the Bernina, the place possesses some importance as an emporium for merchandise.

Next to Silvaplana comes the little village of Campfer, the ancient Campus-ferri, with its brown cottages. And now the road begins to present a more animated appearance, and we are reminded that we are drawing near to St. Moritz by encountering some of the visitors, who frequently walk to the charmingly-situated Acla, or farm of Alpina, whence there is a lovely view of the valley as far as Sils, including Campfer and Silvaplana, with its lake. What with the little wooded promontory which juts out into the water, the beautiful Alpine cedars, tender-hued larches, verdant meadows, and the bright sunshine, which is so brilliantly reflected by the ice-clad mountains, the whole scene is charming; and the air is so exhilarating, so pure, and so fragrant that even the invalid soon finds himself restored to health.

But yonder lies another lake, green and smiling, and surrounded by woods, above which appears the top of the well-known Piz Languard; and here, on a gentle mountain-slope to our left, stands the pleasant friendly village of St. Moritz, the most elevated in the whole of the Engadine. Old St. Mauritium, called San Murezzaun in Romansch, instead of being frequented chiefly, if not only, by pilgrims, as used to be the case, has of late years made itself a European reputation as a watering-place.

Though raised so far above the level of the sea, quite within the Alpine zone, in fact, we shall find locomotion almost as easy as if we were in a plain; and there is something in the situation of the

place, and in the calm simple grandeur of the surrounding scenery, which seems at once to produce a soothing effect upon the nerves. Certainly the wonderful cures wrought by the air and the water abundantly justify all that has been said and written in their praise. The efficacy of the waters was even recognised by so early an author as Theophrastus Paracelsus, who wrote: 'There is an acid spring at St. Moritz, in the Engadine, which is superior to any other I know of in Europe. It is most strongly impregnated with the acid during the month of August, and those who take it medicinally are speedily restored to health.'

It would be superfluous to say anything about the numerous cures effected here; but certainly Pindar was not far wrong when he declared that 'Water is the best of all things,' at least, so far as the water of St. Moritz is concerned. And yet there is something else here which is even better than the water. Other watering-places strive to make themselves attractive by all sorts of outward adornments; but here Nature has done everything. Certainly the pleasure-grounds are well and tastefully laid out; but the eye wanders away from them and over the woods to the frozen heights of the Piz della Margna, to the savage granite slopes of the Julier pass, then from the Piz Nair to the Piz Padella and Piz Ot, above Samaden, and thence to the bleak rocks of the Piz Languard. Close at hand we have the village, which is increasing in size every year; and at the back of the Kurhaus there is a beautiful wood, in which we may take delightful walks, or there is the lake with its gay pleasure-boats, which looks extremely inviting. Those who wish for longer expeditions may go to the

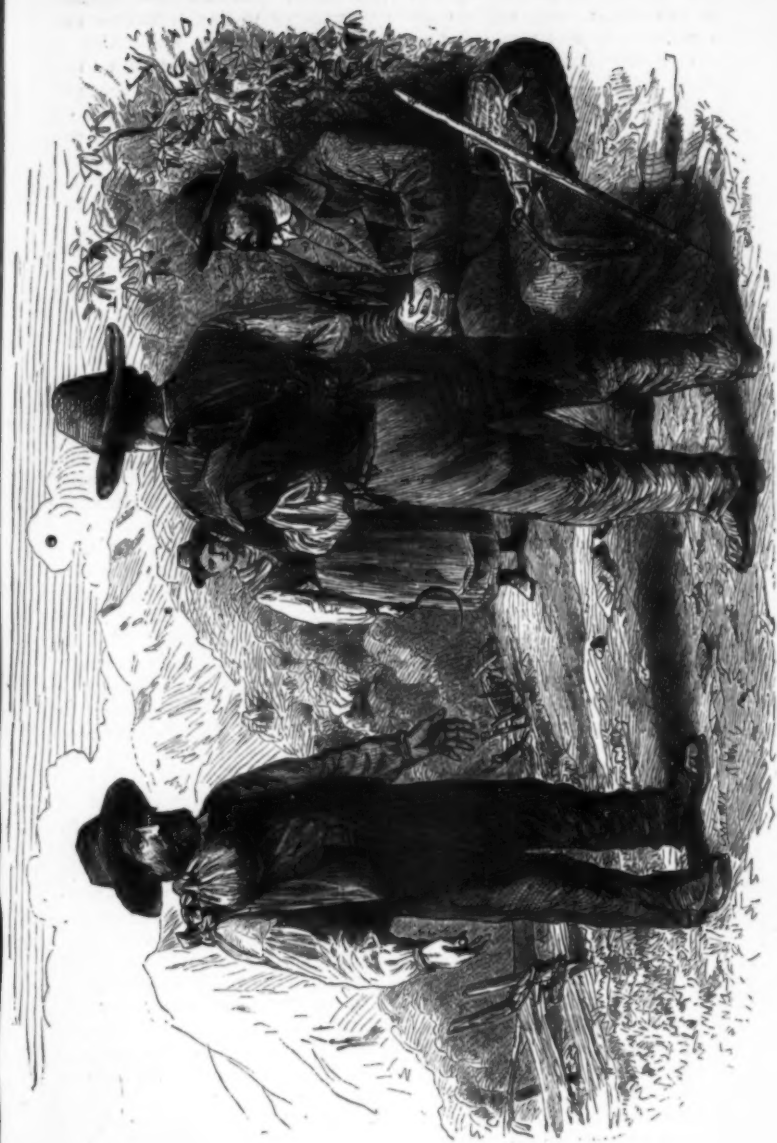
Piz St. Gian, to Acla Silva, and to Acla Alpina, the farm already mentioned, or they may go farther still to the Piz Rosatch or Piz Nair.

The Inn, which is a strong vigorous river, flows through the lake, and immediately afterwards forms a very beautiful cascade in the ravine of Chiarnaduras, which was formerly supposed to be inhabited by a dragon. Some man, tradition has not preserved his name precisely, saw the creature, and was seized with severe illness in consequence. But there is no such thing as ill-health known at St. Moritz nowadays, and we bid farewell to it with the heartfelt wish that all sufferers who resort to its healing springs may speedily be restored to health. Shortly after leaving St. Moritz we come to Samaden, the capital of the Upper Engadine. It has some eight hundred inhabitants, and looks almost like a town; certainly its main streets are not what one expects to see in a village. The place is always animated, owing to the constant passage of travellers and merchandise on their way to and from the various important roads which here converge. No other village in the Engadine can boast such grand-looking buildings; many of them, in fact, are small palaces—and this is especially the case with the residence owned by the ancient Planta family.

According to the fashion prevalent throughout the Engadine, however, the windows of these magnificent mansions are generally remarkably small, and are more like loopholes. They are very small even in the sitting-rooms, and in the upper rooms are hardly visible at all; but nine months of usually severe winter weather, which is what the natives of the Engadine are accustomed to, ren-

der these arrangements quite-necessary. Nearly all the houses are of stone, and very solidly built; some, as already mentioned, have balconies, outside staircases, and iron balustrades. A large door leads out of the street into the *fenile*, where the hay is kept, which occupies the back part of the house. Under this there is usually a clean tidy cow-house, which, though almost like a cellar, is often used as a sitting-room, as one sees by the tables and benches. The ordinary living-room occupies one corner of the ground-floor, and contains a gigantic stove and an immense press, the two pieces of furniture which are of most importance in the eyes of an Engadiner; and besides these there are benches placed against the walls all round. The wood used for the flooring, wainscoting, &c., in the older houses, is generally that of the Siberian pine or alpine cedar, which is covered with varnish of a peculiar smell to preserve it from noxious insects. Behind the stove is a steep staircase leading up to the sleeping-room. A good many changes have taken place in the domestic architecture of late years, however, and in some of the neighbouring places, such as Pontresina, one sees houses built quite in the modern style, with the larger windows and other improvements with which the Engadiner has become acquainted during his residence in foreign lands.

Samaden lies beneath the limestone rocks of the Piz Padella, which is connected with the granite peak of the Piz Ot by the rocky ridge known as the Trais Fluors, Three Flowers, or Three Sisters. This Piz Ot, *i.e.* lofty peak, is over ten thousand six hundred and sixty feet high, and quite rivals the famous Piz Lan-



PEASANTS OF THE VAL TELLINA.

guard in the fine view of the valley and the Bernina group to be seen from its summit. Tradition says that when St. Lucius preached from the Mittenberg, near Chur, he could be heard as far as Trons and Disentis; might we borrow for a moment his stentorian voice, we would fain send down a greeting from the summit of the Piz Ot to the pleasant village of Samaden, and its venerable golden-hearted pastor, Herr Menni, who has few equals here or elsewhere.

And now we must turn our steps towards Pontresina. The road runs along the bank of the often very mischievous stream called the Fletzbach, and passes the old mortuary chapel of Celestina, St. Gian, which lies to the right, on the farther side of some green meadows, and looks very picturesque, being perched upon a little rocky eminence and surrounded by larches. In the summer-time these meadows are full of haymakers, men and women, from the Val Tellina. Their light-red petticoats and waistcoats make them very telling objects in the landscape.

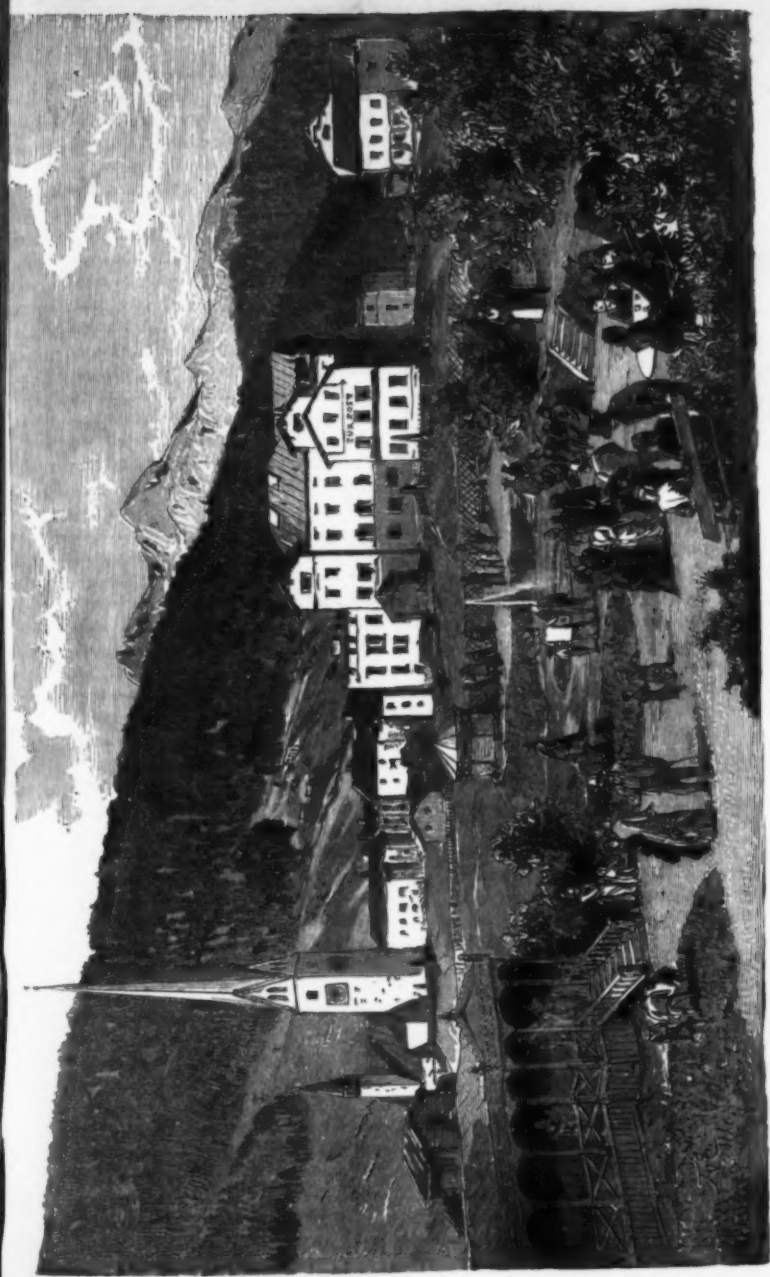
But people of a different type from these are also frequently to be met with on these roads, and about the Roseg and Morteratsch glaciers, namely the Bergamasque shepherds—picturesque interesting-looking figures, with generally handsome faces of an Italian cast, long black curly hair, thick beards, and bright eyes. They wear coarse woollen garments and broad-brimmed sugar-loaf hats. In wet weather, or when there is a cold wind, they wrap themselves up in white cloaks; for, as they ascend to heights which are quite beyond the range of any but themselves, they are, of course, even more exposed to the inclemency of the weather than ordinary herdsmen. These hardy men

come every summer from the Bergamasque valleys of Seriano and Brembano to the High Alps of Switzerland, bringing with them their flocks of large long-legged Bergamasque sheep, to feed on such scanty herbage as they can find among the rocks. It is becoming more and more a recognised fact, however, that their presence is detrimental both to the woods and alpine pastures, and they are not regarded with favour by any but the artist and tourist, in whose eyes they are, of course, extremely interesting objects.

An hour's journey from Samaden brings us to Pontresina; and if the former place be the commercial centre of the Engadine, the latter is certainly the tourist centre—the head-quarters whence excursions may be most conveniently made to the Piz Languard, the Diavolezza, the Piz Corvatsch, Boval, Fuorcla, Surlei, and Fex, to the Chapütschin and Sella pass, and round the Bernina. A walk through the woods from here will also bring us to the Roseg and Morteratsch glaciers, and to the Bernina houses, as well as to various other interesting spots.

Pontresina itself is situated in a lateral valley of the same name, which is not more than six miles long, and is bounded on one side by the Piz Languard and its associates, and on the other by the valleys, glaciers, and less lofty offshoots of the great Bernina group. The valley terminates in the Bernina pass, over which there is a fine road leading through the compactly-built town of Puschlav, or Poschiavo, to the Val Tellina and Bormio.

As soon as we reach Laret, the lower village of Pontresina, our attention is at once attracted by the dazzlingly white Roseg glacier,

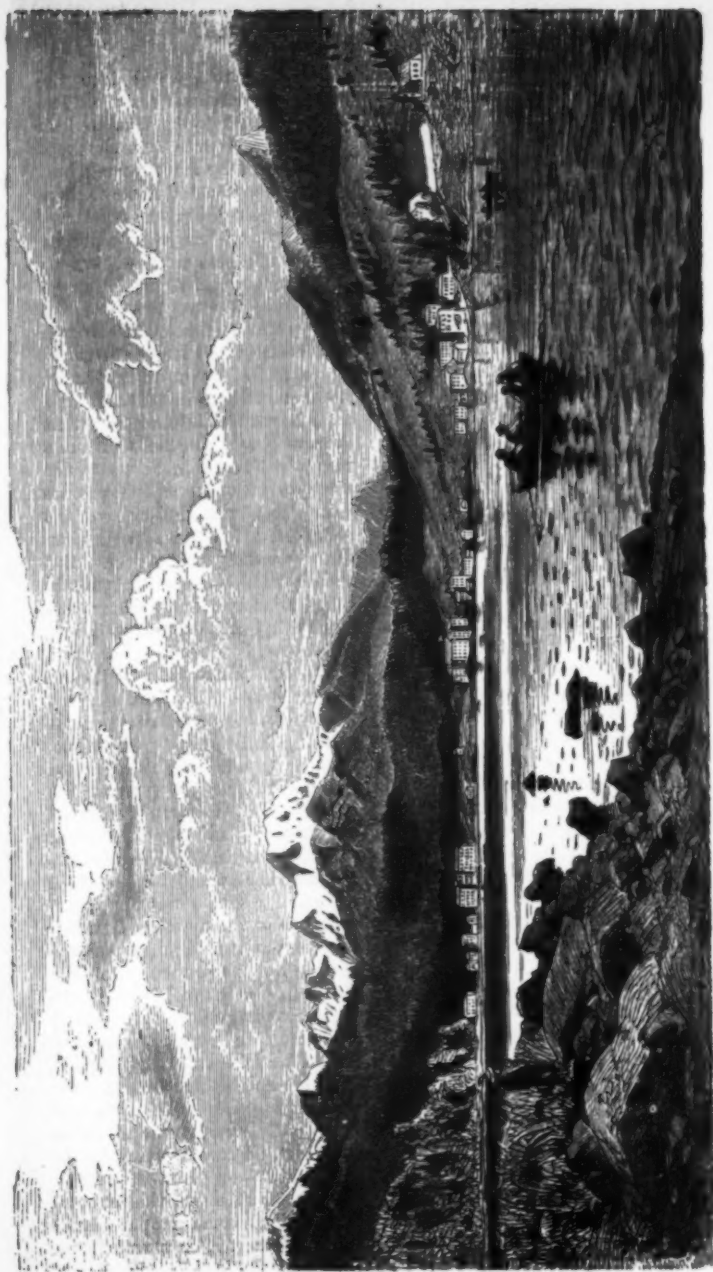


DAVOS AM PLATZ.

with the silvery peaks of the Sella, Glüschaint, Monica, Chapütschin, &c., rising beyond it. These all belong to the great central mass from which the mountains of the Engadine seem to radiate, namely, the mighty chain of the Bernina, which is remarkable both for the boldness of its outlines and the massive proportions of its snow-fields and glaciers. Piz Bernina is the name usually appropriated to the peak which towers aloft between the Bernina pass and the valley of Roseg, and from it proceed the three valleys which are overlooked by Pontresina. The valley of Roseg lies between the Piz Rosatsch and Piz Chalhagn, and terminates in the famous glacier of the same name, which is surmounted by the Piz Bernina, or Monte Rosso da Scerscen, a peak over thirteen thousand feet high, and the loftiest of the group. East of the Roseg valley, and at the foot of Munt Pers, lies a second valley, which is almost filled up by the Morteratsch glacier. Between Munt Pers and the Piz Bernina are the giant peaks of Zupo, Palu, and Cambrena, all of them girt round by glaciers. To the east of this again, and close to the great pyramid of the Piz Languard, lies the third valley, which leads up to the pass of the Bernina. The lower part of these three valleys may be visited by the most inexperienced of tourists; but the upper part should not be attempted save by mountaineers well accustomed to snow and ice. To these latter we are indebted for all that we at present know about the remarkable district surrounding the Bernina, the highest of whose peaks was first ascended by a native of the Engadine in the autumn of 1850.

The way to the lower extremity of the Morteratsch glacier is by a

level road, which leads past the Languard cascade and picturesque saw-mill, which have formed the subject of many a sketch. On our way through a shady wood of Siberian pines we also pass the much more beautiful falls of the Bernina brook, which dashes with a thundering roar over huge masses of syenite rock, worn quite smooth by the action of the water. Beyond the falls there are the wooden bridges—one over the Bernina brook, the other over the stream which flows from the Morteratsch glacier; then follows a restaurant, and in a few minutes more we reach the blue wall of ice and the ice-grotto of the beautiful glacier, which descends lower than any other similar glacier in the Engadine, and advances far down into the forest. To gain any idea of the size of the glacier, or Vadret da Morteratsch, the traveller must ascend to the summit of the isolated Isola Pers, which rears its head from out the eternal ice, and has little or no vegetation to boast of. From this height there is a wonderful view of the pyramids of blue ice, which seem to rise from an utterly unfathomable depth, and of the conglomeration of fissures, crevasses, rents, and cracks which cover the surface of the glacier, and present a truly formidable appearance. The action of the sun and the presence of various foreign bodies upon the ice combine to produce some most extraordinary effects; and we see great mounds, pillars, peaks, obelisks, needles, hollows, funnels, and what are known as 'glacier-tables'—large blocks or slabs of stone which have fallen upon the glacier, protecting the part immediately beneath them both from sun and rain, while the surrounding portion has melted away, leaving them supported upon pillars or pedestals of ice.



BATHS AND LAKE OF ST. MORITZ.

Yonder, by way of the rocky Isola Pers, leads the now much-frequented path to the Munt Pers, or summit of the Diavolezza, behind which lies a dreary desolate waste, with the melancholy little lake of the Diavolezza. From here we descend to the hospitable Bernina houses, where we shall find something to console us for our exertions—namely, the splendid red Valtellina wine, which all travellers in the Engadine thoroughly appreciate. It is not so abundant as it used to be in the old days when the traffic in it was at its height, and whole strings of mules with their drivers—or, in the winter, regular caravans of sledges—might be seen crossing the pass. The three houses presented a much more animated and interesting appearance then, and many a picturesque figure halted here for rest and refreshment; but now that there are so many other ways into the Engadine the Bernina pass is rather deserted.

In the summer-time the meadows about here are decked in the brightest green; but their splendour is of short duration, inasmuch as winter reigns here for nearly nine months of the year, and his dominions are said to be steadily increasing in the neighbourhood of the Morteratsch glacier, which has advanced considerably within the last few years. The space it now occupies was once green pasture-land, if one is to put any faith in the story told by the old folks in the Bernina houses.

Once upon a time there were a young shepherd and shepherdess, who were deeply attached to one another; but the damsel's parents refused to listen to the young man's suit, and the latter, whose name was Aratsch, was so overwhelmed with despair that he

determined to go out into the world and make his fortune. The girl promised to be true to him for ever and ever, and she kept her promise for many years; but, as time went on and no news came of her absent lover, the loneliness and anxiety of her position preyed on her mind to such an extent that she gradually wasted away. Meanwhile the youth—who had greatly distinguished himself as a soldier in foreign lands—returned home a full-grown man, loaded with wealth and honours, and then learnt for the first time that his sweetheart was dead. No one recognised him, but he went once more to visit the alpine pasture which had been the scene of his short-lived happiness, and then disappeared again for ever. But the maiden, even after her death, long continued to haunt the place she had loved so well, and the cowherds used to see her going about all her old duties on the alp and in the châlet, looking very beautiful, but sad, and always weeping and sighing. Often, too, they clearly heard the mournful cry, '*Mort Aratsch!*' ('Aratsch is dead!') But the alp prospered wonderfully, and the herdsmen, pitying the maiden's sad fate, treated her wraith with great reverence. One rude man, however, one day refused to allow her to enter the châlet, and from that day the maiden was seen no more; the alp, moreover, ceased to prosper, and the glacier encroached so much upon it that it was soon deserted, and has remained deserted ever since, the ice having now advanced quite down into the valley. The popular opinion is that the adjacent mountain of Munt Pers—or 'Lost Mountain'—owes its name to this circumstance; but some people derive the word *mortér*, or *murtér*, from the Keltic *mortari*, 'a thick wood,'

and consider the syllable *atsch* merely as an augmentative.

Either name, however, might be given with more show of reason to the valley and glacier of Roseg, the latter being the most extensive single glacier of the Bernina group. A morning walk up to this glacier from Pontresina is one of the pleasantest expeditions the traveller can make. The valley through which our road lies is enclosed between the Piz Rosatsch and Piz Chalchagn, whose precipitous sides are clothed with woods and meadows. Plants of various kinds grow along the water's edge and among the rocks and stones which strew the ground, and one has literally to wade through beds of alpine roses. Those who have any desire to see what the interior of a real mountain chalet is like will find a better opportunity of satisfying their curiosity here than anywhere else; and though they will probably not see much to admire, they may be supplied with milk of excellent quality. There is a great charm about this valley, with its view of the great glacier in the background; and so popular is it with tourists that the road is generally as much thronged as if it were a fashionable promenade.

But we cannot afford to linger any longer by the way, though we must not expect, during the short remainder of our tour, to see anything more beautiful—or, at all events, more grand—than is to be found in these mountain valleys.

On rattles the diligence, carrying us past the villages of Madulein, Scanfa, Zernetz, and Sûs, and into the Lower Engadine; which seldom, however, proves very attractive to those who visit it after they have seen and enjoyed the finer scenery of the upper valley. All who ever read news-

paper advertisements are, of course, familiar with the name of Tarasp-Schuls; but the place itself is but a feeble reflection of St. Moritz. Yonder, perched on a precipitous cliff, stands the grand old chateau of Tarasp, formerly owned by the lords of Tarasp, who maintained their authority over the village in spite of the general emancipation effected by the League. The castle was deserted from 1815, and the medicinal springs were quite neglected until the year 1860, when communication was established between the village and the rest of the world. Since then Tarasp, as well as Schuls, Fettau, and Vulpera, have been making rapid progress. Schuls has the same aspect as St. Moritz, but the climate is milder. Its old church, situated upon a lofty eminence, reminds one of the battle between the inhabitants and the Austrians, who attacked them in 1621. Men and women alike took part in the struggle and fought desperately, until the ground was strewn with their dead bodies.

Returning to Sûs, which stands at the mouth of a valley called the Susacathal, from the voluminous torrent by which it is watered, we proceed on our way up to the Flüela pass. The scenery is fine, and close at hand we see the Piz del Res, Murteröl, Piz Badred, with the Grialetsch glacier, and the mouths of the Val Fless and Kehrenthal. The road winds about a great deal, and the diligence rolls slowly along between woods and cliffs, and often on the very verge of the precipice, until at length we reach the summit of the pass, seven thousand eight hundred and eighty-four feet above the level of the sea, where stands the lonely little inn called the Flüela Hospice, surrounded by solemn awful-looking



THE PRAETIGAUER CLUS.

mountains, and exposed to the most cutting winds. A little farther on we come in sight of the inn Zur Alpenglocke, and farther down still we reach that of the Alpenrose, or Alpine Rose, so named from the rhododendron which grows here in such immense profusion that the rocks are all aglow with it, and we soon forget the desert we have left behind us. The road now becomes more cheerful, and turning off to the left descends into the valley which is watered by the Landwasser. We catch glimpses of meadows, fir-woods, mountain-tops, then of a sparkling lake and a village, and we know that we are in Davos, and that the village yonder is Davos Dörfli, that of Davos am Platz lying a little farther back.

The whole district of Davos is dotted with houses, hamlets, and cottages; but it is only at the two places just mentioned, Im Platz and Dörfli, that there is anything approaching to a village. The valley is about fifteen miles long, and the greater part of it is some five or six thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is enclosed by mountains, of which the most considerable are the Schydhörner, Schwarzhorn, and Hochdukan.

For centuries Davos was neglected and left to undisturbed repose; but of late years a number of hotels have suddenly sprung up, for as soon as it became known that persons suffering from consumption might be greatly benefited, and even cured, by a sojourn here, the fame of the place spread with wonderful rapidity. It is never empty, and even in the winter there are as many as five hundred visitors here waiting for the disappearance of the snow and the return of spring. It is to this circumstance that Davos owes all its interest, for in itself it

possesses but few attractions, and the scenery of the neighbourhood is only moderately beautiful. Its healthfulness, however, makes many people glad to spend as much as six months at a time here.

The scenery about Klosters, the first large place in the Prättigau, is of a more pleasing and cheerful character. Prättigau, 'the valley of meadows,' which lies between the beautiful chains of the Rhätikon and Hochwang, is the most important valley in the Grisons, and appears to enjoy the especial favour of Heaven. The mountains are fine and are terraced with rich meadows, vegetation is most luxuriant, and the people are not only prosperous and good-looking, but they live in picturesque comfortable houses, and their alps are said to be stocked with some of the finest cattle to be seen anywhere. There are more legends and more historical reminiscences connected with this district than with any other part of Switzerland. It is delightfully refreshing to walk along by the side of the foaming Landquart, past the pleasant villages of Serpenna, Küblis, Jenatz, Schiers, Grösch, and Seewis, and past groups of houses and numerous chalets and stables.

As we wander along we shall often be tempted to stand still and admire the timber houses, many of which are very fine specimens of ancient woodwork, and are almost more beautiful than those of the renowned Bernese Oberland—to which, however, they bear considerable resemblance. They have, for example, the usual wooden staircase leading up to a projecting gallery, which is generally filled with flowers, the brilliant scarlet lychnis being especially conspicuous, and harmonising well with the dark brown

of the woodwork. The whole house is constructed of wooden logs, skilfully put together and carved with various ornamental devices and inscriptions; the latter being made out in antique or wedge-shaped characters, and consisting of names, dates, and pious sayings. It is a thousand pities that we cannot stay and gossip awhile with some of the people here, for they possess rich stores of legendary lore. Innumerable tales are told of the 'wild men,' who seem to have sprung from this neighbourhood; and there is one particularly beautiful and poetical legend current about the Fairy Madrisa, who fell in love with the son of a cowherd, and is said to have given her name to the Mädrishorn ob Saas.

We are now nearing the farther end of the Prättigau, and the steep cliffs on either side approach closer and closer together, while the road is often blasted in the hard rock. The Landquart rushes furiously along in its narrow stony bed, and the wind roars through the valley behind us to blow us out into the open country. Yonder is the gorge known as the Clus, usually called the 'Schloss' by the people of the Prättigau.

A long dusty road leads in a perfectly straight line from the Clus to the railroad, which will take us down the Valley of the Rhine to the Lake of Constance, where our tour began. But we must make one last halt at Ragatz, that we may see the gorge of the Tamina, of which we have heard so much. Ragatz itself, too, standing as it does in the midst of the broad bright Valley of the Rhine, with glorious woods all around it, is a very refreshing pleasant place. The houses, which are half-buried in rich green foliage and are surrounded by gardens, look cheerful and hospitable, and there is an

air of elegance and refinement about all that meets the eye, such as shows clearly that the tastes and requirements of the many distinguished visitors who annually come to Ragatz have been carefully studied and provided for. The village is overlooked by two mediæval castles, which are rich in historical associations; and that nothing may be wanting to complete the harmony of the landscape, the horizon is bounded by the beautiful forms and outlines of the ever-glorious Alps. A very little farther on, however, Nature shows herself under a totally different aspect. Gray cliffs rise to right and left of us, with trees clinging desperately to the scanty support afforded them. To the left of the winding road the impetuous Tamina rushes along with a loud roar, and here and there a mountain streamlet comes foaming down the cliff and is lost in a cloud of spray. Alpine roses, saxifrages, and wild creepers of all kinds cover the rocks, and fragments of gray mummulite, which have gradually been worn into strange distorted shapes or marked with wonderful hieroglyphics by the action of the boiling waters, which have been dashing through the gorge from time immemorial. At the far end of the ravine, and looking as if it were jammed in between the cliffs, stands the old bath-house of Pfäfers, and behind it is the celebrated chasm through which the river rushes with frantic fury. The source of the hot springs is in a cavern among the rocks—

'Dim seen through rising mists and cease-
less show'rs,
The hoary cavern wide-surrounding
low'rs,
Still through the gap the struggling
river toils,
And still below the horrid caldron
boils.'

Surely some wonderful drama

must have been enacted here long ago in old primeval times. The Titans themselves are all dead and gone now, however, though they have left their wild scenery be-

hind, and their stage is now occupied by puny sickly mortals, who come hither to wonder and muse over the relics of former ages.

The End.

MODERN CHIVALRY.

'Souvent femme varie.'

LONG years ago, in the summer hours,
When hearts were young and lips were true,
We wandered oft mid the sun and flowers,
Purposeless, happy, the long day through.

There I would tell her some legend old,
Of brave true knight and of maiden fair,
Of Lancelot and of Guinevere,
And she would list; and, when all was told,

Looking up with a sweetly innocent air,
And laughingly glad with a child's delight,
Cry, 'You shall be my brave trusty knight,
And I—may I be your maiden fair?'

Then, taking her hand and kissing her cheek,
I would tell her, 'Alas, there's no fighting now;
But ever, in thy dear name, I vow
To strive for the right and protect the weak.

Men now but fight for a sordid gain,
And love soars not but on golden wings;
But dream, dream on—for the dream, though vain,
Is better for thee than the wealth of kings.'

'Tis years ago since that fair day,
And many the change has each one told;
For the dream of a child has passed away,
And a maiden fair has been bought with gold.

SOME PARIS EXHIBITION CURIOSITIES.

WITH the exception of the heavenly bodies, before you inspect any curiosity whatever, you first get at it; which is not always an easy task. Wherever you might lodge in Paris, and without being a professional pedestrian, you were too far away from the Exhibition to reach it easily on foot. Some people thought to escape the difficulty by taking apartments within a stone's throw either of the Trocadéro or the Champ de Mars; but they only put the problem into an inverse form—namely, how to get from the Exhibition to Paris, either for dinner, the play, or other serious object—and at certain hours of the day or night this solution was the less easy feat of the two. How I fared the reader shall know, as a wrinkle against the Exhibition of 1888; for the journeys were themselves curiosities.

On sallying forth, the first morning, from my sleeping-place on the Boulevard Magenta, I naturally looked around for a cab of some sort. None were on the stand, but plenty were passing to and fro. All, however, displayed the label painted in large letters, 'Loué,' 'Hired' or 'Engaged.' At last, by patiently scanning the horizon, an unlabelled open vehicle was hailed.

'Where to?' asked the potentate seated on his vehicular throne, and crowned with a shiny hat that looked as if it had been up all night.

'To the Exposition; and I want—'

'That's a long way,' he said, pulling a face as long as the distance.

'And I want to call at a place or two on the way there.'

'Monsieur will be reasonable?'

'Certainly. And you—what do you call reasonable?'

'Three francs, monsieur.'

'Very good. Done, for three francs, and a little *pourboire* besides, if we get there without spilling.'

Evidently it was not the expense which need deter one from riding, so much as the tremendous effort to obtain any conveyance whatever. And, in returning from the Exhibition, the struggle was still more desperate, the most formidable competitors being—ladies! When, after long-sustained vigilance, you had secured, as you thought, an empty cab, a gang of decently-dressed women, always plain and middle-aged, would push you aside, jump into the carriage, and drive off forthwith, without even deigning to laugh at your disappointment. The forms of politeness were no more thought of than they would be on board a ship foundering at sea. What could a man do? What could cabby do, unless turn the intruders out by main force? For I don't suppose that he was gallant enough to prefer four fat females as a fare to two average gentlemen. I was served the same trick so repeatedly, that I renounced further attempts to get away in a cab, and consequently made the discovery that there were omnibuses—not tramways, of which more

anon—round the corner of a side-street, where a seat might be had without fighting with unfair claimants for it.

Next morning, disengaged cabs were scarcer than ever. Nothing but *loués* shot across the field of view. Ha! there opposite, aside, retired, stands a gray horse with a trap behind it. Like Eve in Paradise, it 'would be woo'd, and not unsought be won.'

'Are you free?'

'Yes; but this is a *voiture de remise*, and not a common cab with an ordinary tariff.'

'How much for the Exposition and a stoppage *en route*?'

'Four francs, monsieur.'

When there's only one salmon in the market, it's useless to haggle about the price per pound. The gray horse sets off with a limp and a halt; but, gradually warming to his work, delivers his goods safely at their destination.

The third day my landlady, divining her customer's perplexities, informs me that, at a bureau close by, I can take the *tramway* for the Exhibition. I do not translate the word, for it is naturalised here, like so many from England—coke, coal-tar, ticket, and others too numerous to mention. If this goes on, the English language will have effected a permanent invasion of France. At the bureau you get numbered bits of card, which simply give you the right to enter or mount the 'buses in the order of succession indicated by your number. Luckily, you don't pay for your place until fairly seated in it. An anxious throng is waiting outside at what we may call the tramway station. An omnibus arrives; but you behold that it has hoisted the fatal warning, '*Complet*,' 'Full.' Better luck next time, you fancy. Another 'bus approaches. 'One place,' shouts the conductor, 'No. 201!'

while you are No. 359, with a party of three or four belonging to you. In this way, to go by tramway, husbands must part from wives, parents from children, and, worse than all, lovers from sweet-hearts. You might loiter there half the day without finding room.

I soon gave it up, and was peering into the distance in search of some wandering *unloué* cab, when up there drove a roomy vehicle, fitted with benches, a ceiling and curtains like those of a four-post bed, and one willing but hungry-looking horse (some of them sport a pair, and good ones too), called in Paris a *tapissière*, and used in ordinary times as a furniture-van. A lad, with the young idea seen nowhere so fully developed as in London and Paris, clad in a threadbare fur-trimmed *pelisse* that had once belonged to some Polish count, acted as conductor, and screamed aloud, 'A l'Exposition! Cinquante centimes! A l'Exposition!'

To get there for fifty centimes, half a franc, and at once, was an opportunity not to be lost. I mounted to the seat where the driver sat; a third individual took his place between us; and, seeing us so comfortably seated, as many of the crowd as there was room for instantly jumped up, exactly as sheep follow a leader who has made bold to clear a hedge or a ditch. '*Complet!*' shouted the fur-clad *gamin*. We started, pitying the unfortunates who seemed likely to reach the Exhibition, if by tramway, at dusk.

Satisfaction set the tongues of our party a-going. Flying conversation, desultory remarks, winged words fluttered about the *tapissière*, especially when, mounting up hill, the steed conveyed us at a footpace. My neighbour, air-

ing his notions of general geography, remarked, *apropos* to nothing,

'Italy is a beautiful country.'

'Ah, then you have been in Italy!'

'No, indeed; never. I have only heard so.'

'Naples,' observed a lady at the further end of the *tapissière*, — 'Naples is a paradise inhabited by devils.'

'Is Londres as big as Paris, and has Londres a Trocadéro?'

'As big as Paris! I believe so! Much bigger,' exclaimed our driver, proud of the knowledge acquired on his travels. 'Londres has not a Trocadéro; but it has a Crystal and an Obelix. I saw Londres and Angleterre when I went to Beermanghem and Leeverpol, conducting animals, cattle, *bêtes*.'

'That's why you continue your old employment here as long as the Exposition lasts,' I interposed, italicising the remark with a vulgar wink of the off eyelid. A wink is understood, without translation, by all peoples, nations, and languages; although only when imperceptible can it be permitted in good society.

'O, non, monsieur; I didn't say that.'

'Fifty centimes!' demanded the young urchin, before we got half-way to our journey's end. As payment for nearly an hour's quiet drive, passing through the delicious Parc Monceaux, it was assuredly not dear.

All the way, inside Paris and out, the great captive balloon was visible, hovering over the city at ever-varying altitudes, and certainly an ornamental adjunct to the picture. But the view thence, at its greatest height, can hardly be finer than that from the Trocadéro towers. As to calling the ascent 'going up in a balloon,'

it is only a make-believe, a farce, when you are let up, a personally-conducted flock, together with two score other bold aeronauts, and pulled down again, after three minutes' exaltation, by a rope. To parody an old definition, it is a pulley and a string, with a steam-engine at one end, and a set of you-know-whats at the other. Carlyle might truly call it a windbag and a sham. There is no freedom, no adventure, none of the genuine excitement of a real balloon ascent about it. You are little better than a cockchafer attempting to fly with a thread tied to its leg. And it costs twenty francs! Its commonplace-ness was proved by the young lady and her wooden-legged companion, who went up every day, sometimes twice a day. Such assiduity attracting notice, it was discovered that their object aloft was the height of pocket-picking. Most curious of all are the individuals who pay a franc a head for admission to the enclosure to see others go up. Verily, they are content with small satisfaction. They remind one of the babes to whom their economical father promised, 'If you are good children all the week, I will take you to Tortoni's on Sunday to see people eat ices.' And yet the speculation must have been profitable. On one date in October, selected at random, there were twenty ascents with 602 passengers and 3360 lookers-on, which gives a total of 15,400 francs, or 616*l.*; a very pretty little day's receipt, with only a small steam-engine to feed, a trifling leakage of gas to make good, and an inconsiderable number of hands to pay. A few blank days of wind and rain must of course be deducted; but they were not frequent, and could be well afforded. There was also a small band of music to pay. But by this

time the balloon is going, or gone, it is said, captive to London under a permanent engagement to Mr. Walter Gooch of the Princess's Theatre. What for? A little boy told me that, when his company of actors brings the house down, the balloon is to pull it up again. O, you naughty boy!

Immediately after passing through the Trocadéro entrance to the Exhibition, a pleasanter, cheaper, and less undignified ascent can be made, by the lift, to the summit of either of the towers or minarets, each two hundred and sixty-nine feet high, whose form resembles that of an Italian campanile. I write 'can be made' hypothetically; for as the building is to remain, one at least of the lifts may permanently be left there. I tried the eastern tower, which seemed the more popular. There being no suspension employed in the machinery, you have no fear of danger from the breaking of a chain or the giving way of a pulley. You are pushed aloft by an iron shaft or stem, and the motion is particularly smooth and agreeable. Everybody was smiling with pleased surprise. The charge, one franc, was not high enough to put them out of temper. One point is common to balloon ascents; you do not feel to be going upwards, but all surrounding objects seem to descend. On returning to earth, while *you* are going down, everything else appears to be coming up to meet you. The view from the top gallery, extensive and varied, partly metropolis and partly country, with the Seine meandering across the whole panorama, is well worth the price. On the very summit of all is a *buvette*, where thirsty or timid souls can take a glass to support them.

The fine arts claim our early

attention. In about the centre of the Champs de Mars and the middle of a broad cross-avenue is a lofty portal apparently closed by a red screen, to keep out the superabundant glare of daylight. On each side of the portal, the outside wall is decorated with a gigantic porcelain picture, put together in squares, like ordinary Dutch tiles. Each tile having its place in the composition, the pictures can be taken to pieces, packed, removed, and put together again, exactly like a dissected map. The subjects are architecture, landscape, and sea combined, in old Italian style, with charming details. The pine-tree in the right-hand picture is admirably rendered; while the brightness and clearness of the tints convey the exact impression of a brilliant climate. How many hideous walls and gable-ends, indoors and out, might thus be rendered beautiful, defying injury, except from hard blows, cannon-balls, or earthquakes, and as easily cleaned with a soft sponge and tepid water as a grimy child's face on a Sunday morning! Earthenware mosaic like this richly merits to be widely known and largely purchased.

Entering the portal and passing the screen, we are in a striking picture-room, with more to follow visible—the first, one is glad to perceive, of a series 'to be continued.' Instantly the eye is attracted by likenesses of lovely women in still lovelier dresses. Who are they? Famous beauties, celebrated authoresses, stars of the first magnitude in the artistic heavens, musical or dramatic! The catalogue will surely tell us? No, it does not. They are only portraits of Madame A—, of Mdlle. B—, of Madame C. D—, of Mdlle. —, who all, being nameless, might just as well have stayed at home. At least Madame la

Maréchale de MacMahon, Duchesse de Magenta, by P. A. Cot, is not ashamed of her titles. Brava! Let us applaud her courage. She is a portly dame, robed in black silk, looking as if she might very well be allowed to keep her place if she would only close her ears to clerical charmers. Even men decline to acknowledge their pictorial representatives exhibited here. But what do they come for, then? Were I on the hanging committee, I would flatly refuse every anonymous portrait, male or female. The effigies of M. D——, of M. S. B——, and their fellows should especially make room for other gentlemen who are willing to present their card to the public. In portraits, for the great majority of beholders, the personality is more interesting than the picture. If the latter is meritorious as a work of art, so much the better; but it is the individuality represented which rests on the memory. If we don't know who it is, it is nothing to us. Madame la Comtesse de P—— may keep her haughty looks to overawe, perhaps to be laughed at by, the villagers around her château; the fallow-faced young gentleman, with a cigarette between his fingers, might just as well have his head taken off by the first itinerant photographer as by a clever artist for aught we care, unless he tells us his claim to that distinction.

Passing these nonentities, it is some comfort to gaze at authenticated portraits—M. Dufaure, Minister of Justice, evidently a likeness, and not flattered a bit; Gounod, the composer, a good solid head; Alexandre Dumas fils, thoughtful, with a tinge of melancholy; Emile de Girardin, the veteran journalist; Gustave Doré, the French Luca-fa-presto (shall I say it?), conceited-looking, of

grand facility, but hardly of genius, though his sacred subjects make the nearest approach to it. But how frightful is his monster green vase in the great cross-avenue, covered as it is with sprawling boys and tipsy nymphs! One is happy, too, to make the acquaintance of such persons as Emile Augier, Legouvé, Duruy, Lehmann, Philippe Rousseau, Alphonse Daudet, and other celebrities who are not to be met with every day. M. Isidor, Grand Rabbi of France, shows features which are not Jewish at all. In their neighbourhood is a striking martyrdom of St. Stephen, spoiled by the saint's head reposing in a halo resembling a golden plate affixed to the canvas. The angel flying away with a couple of stones, one in each hand (to serve as relics), rendered luminous by contact with the martyr, is at least a bright idea. Mixed up with these are plenty of still-life pictures—pots and pans, fruits and shellfish—the flowers in which, if they could hear, would have to listen to unpleasant remarks from gardeners.

In the Austrian gallery are portraits, by Angeli, interesting to British subjects. Earl Beaconsfield is lifelike, rejoicing in his peculiarly *belle laideur*; Earl Sydney, Lord Chamberlain, is the beau-ideal of a gentlemanly nobleman; Dean Stanley, whose red ribbon does not become him, can hardly be a likeness, for it looks at you very cross and sour; the Princess Christian (Helena) is a most attractive head. The painter of such portraits deserves and finds a place for himself, painted by himself.

One of the extra luxuries of the Exhibition was the troop of bath-chairs, for invalids and infirmities, drawn by men clad in gray uniform, intended to caricature, and

thereby reform, the prevailing male costume of the day. At times and places those chairs, however needful to tolerate, were as great a nuisance as baby perambulators pushed between your legs on the foot-pavement of a crowded street. Amongst the pictures, the evil was minimised by a *Prière de ne pas passer avec des fauteuils roulants*.

Noteworthy specimens of British talent demand fuller mention than there is room for here, and were alone worth the journey to Paris to see, since many of them belong to private collections, and are thereby hidden from the general public. There is Poynter's 'Israel in Egypt,' the picture which procured his admission to the Royal Academy, recording visibly the treatment which the Jewish captives received from the Pharaohs. They are working, as beasts of burden, at the transport of colossal granite monuments. In the foreground is a touching episode of a man, fallen to the ground through fatigue, being refreshed by a compassionate woman, and at the same time urged with the stick to resume work by one of his Egyptian taskmasters. The sun's glare is vividly expressed by the slightness of the aerial perspective. Close to this remarkable picture, and from the same painter (now Art Director of Great Britain), we find 'The Catapult,' men firing off a red-hot bolt; different in style, but equally powerful.

Those who are unacquainted with Alma Tadema's accurate drawing, exhaustive learning, and wondrous finish, have an opportunity of appreciating them in his 'Agrippa's Audience Hall,' his 'Picture-Gallery,' and others of equal distinction, though perhaps less striking and sympathetic. The double flutes or flageolets in-

troduced into his 'Private Party,' however authentic as antiquities, will always provoke my scepticism until I shall actually hear them played, which is not likely. Even if possible and playable, they must have produced, not music, but pure cacophony.

Millais's astonishing versatility, equally great in landscape and portrait, is amply demonstrated, the first by the Scotch upland scene and the 'Mists of October,' the second by 'Yes or No,' 'Three-handed Whist,' and especially by the haughty old Beefeater. His powerful 'North-West Passage' may be taken either as portraiture or as an ideal subject of domestic life. Herkomer's 'Chelsea Pensioners' (mistaken by a Parisian *gamin* for a Session of the House of Lords) shows how the difficulty of a concourse of red-coats seated on parallel benches may be conquered by the life and emotion depicted in each individual, one of whom (apparently at death's door) has caused the picture to be named 'La Dernière Assemblée.'

Mr. P. H. Calderon, R.A.'s Spanish ancestry is betrayed by the resemblance of his portrait (be it said with all respect) to what we might suppose Don Quixote to have been; while Lord Lawrence's head accords more with some weather-beaten veteran than with the popular notion of 'a lord.' And yet he may say, 'I am a lord indeed, and not'—well, one unworthy of the title. The mere names of artists, such as Frith, Landseer, Leslie, &c., alone suffice to show the attractions of this rich collection. Here and there pictorial bits startle you by their appropriate power; such as the etching, from the United States, of poor ill-starred Abraham Lincoln. Before leaving the pictures, you can put yourself into good humour by a glance at 'Comment

cela Finira? (What will be the end of it?)—the heads only of a warm flirtation between a maid-servant and her fellow-domestic.

Sculptors mostly exercise their art on tragic, religious, sentimental, legendary, or at least on serious subjects; nor are such wanting at the present gathering. But Socrates dying is merely an ugly old man in a fit; and Mozart in his last moments is painful rather than interesting. The group of Jenner trying vaccination on his own son, by G. Monteverde, Rome, fixes attention by the thoughtful earnestness of the operator's face and the boy's sturdy, almost heroic, resolution to bear the pain of the puncture without flinching.* A fisherman rescuing a dead body from the waves, by that accomplished actress, Sarah Bernhardt, proves how thoroughly she regards her profession from a seriously artistic point of view. By far the most attractive to the crowd of visitors are comic statues; and, when not absolutely comic, still illustrative of everyday life. From Carpeaux's chisel there are figures and busts in marble, some crowned with roses, others only with undressed hair, but all laughing under some pretext which your imagination is left to divine.

Cencetti sends from Rome two marble busts which, together, make a temptation scene; an old beau, in high cravat and shirt-collar, ogling a merry grinning girl, who looks undecided whether she shall take her admirer's advances in joke or earnest. Behind them, by the irony of chance or of the Fine Arts Committee, Pius IX. is seated, apparently giving with each hand his duplicate blessing both to the tempted

and the temptress. A well-dressed little girl, in marble (perhaps a portrait), holding a parasol, commands pleased approval without exciting mirth. Not far off, appropriately in an out-door corner, stands a much-admired terra-cotta group of a boy sheltering a girl under his umbrella, the whole forming a dripping fountain. The water, rising through the stalk of the umbrella, trickles down it around and outside the figures. The lad's proudly protective air and the girl's secure satisfaction had obtained for the work, at the date of our visit, one hundred and two orders for reproductions—and probably more since then—by the artist, Andrea Boni, of Milan. But the climax of fun, without vulgarity, is reached by Giovanni Focardi's (of London) realistic group, 'You Dirty Boy!' an old woman resolutely washing, say her grandson (but not the favourite), whose helplessly outstretched, down-hanging arms convey his confessed uncleanness and his non-resistance. The right of reproducing this family incident has been bought—rumour says, for 500*l.*—by Messrs. A. & F. Pears, of London, inventors and sole manufacturers of the genuine transparent soaps, who can employ it as a trade-mark and publish it as a statuette either in terra-cotta or in their more congenial and appropriate material, whether opaque or semi-transparent.

May we include, since it is exhibited outside, in the Avenue Rapp, an eccentric piece of American sculpture, namely, 'The Dreaming Iolanthe' (to what family did she belong?)—a study in butter, contributed by Transatlantic kine, and carried intact from Washington to Paris, by Caroline S. Brooks? If, as we are told, 'men's evil manners live in brass; their

* There is a statue of Edward Jenner at Boulogne-sur-Mer, where he resided for some time.

virtues we write in water,' we might model good men's busts in butter, to judge from the ingratitude often shown to patriots—witness the treatment of Monsieur Thiers—who have rendered incalculable service to their country, while we cast in bronze the scourges of humanity.

A more substantial work of art is shortly to cross the Atlantic, as a present from France to the United States, in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of their independence. In the garden of the Champ de Mars stands a gigantic female head of hammered copper, so big that, by purchasing a photograph, you can mount the staircase inside it, and therefrom peep out on the flower-beds around you through the apertures or windows in its diadem, whence bright electric rays are destined hereafter to stream over the ocean at night. The completed figure, a statue of Liberty, holding aloft in her right hand a torch which will serve as a lighthouse, is to be a *Colossa*, not of Rhodes, but of the entrance to New York Harbour, on an islet opposite to Long Island. The Greek Colossus was one of the seven wonders of the world; but the world's wonders now could not be counted by seventy times seven. 'Liberty giving Light to the World,' executed by M. Bartholdi, of which we have a sample here, will be 72 metres high, including the base, from top to bottom, or 236 English feet in all. Withinside, chambers or compartments, up to the waist, will be filled with sand to give it stability, and prevent oscillation by the pressure of the wind. An iron staircase will of course lead to the very summit. The hand which is to hold the beacon-light has already been sent to Philadelphia. In the breast of the

Rhodes Colossus was a mirror, in which the inhabitants could descry ships at a distance. The New Yorkers will probably be content with the modern device of spy-glasses.

Not a few exhibitors (shop-keepers rather), especially in the Galerie du Travail Manuel, drove an excellent retail trade, besides advertising their specialties. Their enormous sale of small articles must have more than repaid their expenses incurred. From their stalls souvenirs of the Exposition were largely carried away, in the shape of pincushions with a little drawer beneath them; machine-made jewelry, such as earrings stamped out in your presence, or watch-chains twisted before your eyes; medals of the Exhibition struck off ditto; dolls, artificial flowers, cheap trinkets, and all sorts of imaginable what-nots and *articles de Paris*. The glass-enclosed diamond-cutting room of M. Ch. Roulina, in which much of the work is done by women, had a fair amount of custom for single-stone rings, warranted genuine Brazilian gems, and very suitable as choice little presents. Indeed those rings were a great attraction. Still, I think more women tried them on their fingers than could persuade their husbands to pay the price of the jewel. At one end of the gallery, the automaton swimming-dog performed in its tank at intervals. It is duly registered and protected from plagiarism, like other important inventions. But the cost, twenty francs, limited the purchase of a not particularly desirable toy.

While waiting for a friend to recruit his strength at one of the refreshment places, a trap-maker close by was doing a brisk business in contrivances for catching every animal from the size of a fox down

to a mouse. There hung the victims, suspended by the neck in the snares, and stuffed a little larger than life. The fox, in France, is looked upon as pure and unmitigated vermin. Except for the value of its skin and brush, it ranks no higher than the rat. Any one who preserved foxes would be considered fit for a lunatic asylum, or at least for the restraint of a *conseil de famille*. I don't know that he could not be proceeded against as a nuisance to the neighbourhood. The interest in the vulpine race lay, here, in the address with which the exhibitor set his traps, showed how to conceal them, and then sprang them by touching the bait-holder, and catching his prey, represented by a wisp of paper, by the neck. The traps went off (by sale) in rapid succession, and I pocketed a rat-trap as a welcome offering to an agricultural friend.

One of the animals thus threatened with disaster is a pretty little rodent, smaller than a full-grown rat, with a white tip to its tail, very tameable and engaging if kept in a cage; which I mention because I think that, luckily, it is not included amongst British quadrupeds. I fancy its correct name is *loir* (though it is not a dormouse); but in the north of France it is familiarly known as *rabaillé* or *rat-baillé*. It devours ripe fruit, the choicest and handsomest suiting it best. Apricots, peaches, plums, and pears are difficult to preserve from its ravages; for it climbs to the very topmost branches of a tree, where the finest fruits often grow. It makes a more interesting pet than the squirrel. Whosoever imports it in that capacity should beware of letting it loose to increase and multiply; for it is a greater garden-pest and fruit-devourer than

all those we now have put together. The best bait for it, our trapper said, is a nice little bit of gingerbread.

Further on, Messrs. Perin, Panhard, & Cie.'s delicate little saw with an endless blade must be seen at work to realise the neatness with which it cuts whatever you please out of blocks of wood. Passing from small things to great, from units to aggregates, the national or industrial trophies, piled-up heaps of raw or manufactured articles, are not the least wonderful objects seen. They show that by profuse accumulation and judicious arrangement, a work of art may be composed with anything. It matters not to the artist-designer whether he has huge copper tubes, logs of timber, bales of cloth, glass bottles, coils of rope, or the most outlandish and unpromising materials to deal with. He will put them together in such a way that the first comer shall stop and stare with admiration.

What does that tall glass jar contain? Silvered sugar-plums? No; pure nickel, melted and bottled as irregular oval drops of varying size.

Great praise is due to the exhibit of Australian ore. It was skilfully arranged. The metallurgist, amongst other things, was gratified by a sight of that very rare ore, Resin-Tin.

An amusing idea was that of Mr. Henry Maitland's 'Travels in the Island of Pleasures,' under which title we saw a huge volume, big enough for a giant's library, containing specimens of 2000 sorts of *bonbons* and chocolates in fantastic variety.

The cases of Messrs. Eley, and of Messrs. Kynoch & Co. (Wilton, near Birmingham), in the form of 'ammunition manufactures,' were a singularly striking exhibition of the refinement of mechanical skill

applied to the science of destruction. It was truly, although in asense De Quincey never intended, 'Murder considered as one of the fine arts.'

Special notice must be taken of the splendid specimens of cartography, in which the various State departments of France excelled. Space will only permit us to refer to three, from the Ministry of Public Works. (1) The large-scale map of roads and communications of all kinds throughout France; (2) the large-scale map of France in departments, with specimens of the iron ore from each *pinned on* above the region where it is found; (3) the large-scale map which showed the phosphates of lime in a similar manner. All these were magnificent specimens of clear accurate *teaching by the eye*, and well deserve imitation on the part of our own Government departments. If the permanent Colonial Exhibition in London, which is now projected, should be carried out, a series of maps of this kind, showing vividly, not only the mineral, but also the vegetable products of our Colonial Empire, would be a notable addition to the technical education of the future.

It is pleasant to be able to allude in this department to an English work of great merit—the Alpine Club map of Switzerland, executed by Mr. Stanford of Charing Cross.

To the student of mechanism, one of the funniest things in the whole Exhibition, perhaps, was a little machine, beautiful in all its details, in the house set apart for the exhibition of the State manufactures in tobacco.

A bevy of girls and workmen there showed the various processes of cigarette-making, from the opening of the tobacco-leaf, and the feeding of the different ma-

chines, down to the packing and labelling of the article.

When the cigarette-boxes had been thus made ready for market, they were finally fed on to the apron of a machine, which *checked the weight of each automatically*. As each little box dropped it was caught by what really resembled a *steel copy of a human hand*, which passed it on to the weights, and let it go if correct, or stopped it if deficient in weight. Altogether an extremely curious and noteworthy piece of labour-saving mechanism. English manufacturers who are engaged in a 'package' trade should not lose sight of it. The position of the house in which the machine was at work we fear caused it to be missed by many visitors.

Now that it appears we may expect another stroke of national luck by the finding of gold in our Madras Presidency, it may be worth recording among our 'curiosities' the figures accompanying the two great gilt models which represented to the eye the bulk of the gold which has been found in our Colonies.

The Canadian octahedron represented the bulk of 4,173,000 ounces of the precious metal—the amount which had been found up to December 1877. The Queensland (Australia) obelisk of gold showed the solid content of what had been found in that country from 1868 to 1877—an amount equivalent to 10,587,644*l.* sterling.

It must have been gratifying to every Briton to witness the eager intelligent interest manifested by the French of all classes in the right royal exhibit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Those presents and collections from India, which filled the place of honour beside the State jewels of

France under the grand transept, were no inapt symbol of the sweep of British power. In their mingled barbarism, refinement, and intrinsic value they linked the past and the present, and formed at once a reflex of Imperial sway and artistic growth.

To his Royal Highness, whose hearty coöperation (involving much downright hard work) at the critical moment did so much for this great show, it was some reward to know that the unique collection, which his liberality and care had placed there, was duly appreciated by a gifted and sympathetic people.

Amongst the things to be studied and preserved in connection with the Exhibition, every student of Eastern antiquities and art should possess himself of the little handbook to the British-Indian section prepared by Dr. Birdwood for the Royal Commission. He will there find condensed much that is interesting and useful concerning the antiquity of the Indian trade and the master handicrafts of India.

And here we cannot forbear echoing the words of praise bestowed by the English press on Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen and his staff. Their unwearied energy and courtesy are familiar to all who had to assist practically at the Champ de Mars during this international gathering.

The beautiful assemblage of instruments of precision might frighten away people who are not philosophers; but one at least saves a deal of head-work. With the calculating machine for sixteen figures you can multiply, in a second or two, 99,999,999 by 99,999,999. Also you can with equal rapidity divide the product by one of the factors, or perform any other arithmetical operation of equal complexity.

Every now and then your eye is caught by the label which tells you that some handsome or useful thing—and some trumpery, too—is offered to, or bought for, the National Lottery. It was impossible to see them without buying tickets, five of this pretty smiling young lady, five more of that civil-spoken person in uniform, and so on, until we accumulate a little stock. That done, we have the right to consider which article we should prefer to win. Modestly giving up thoughts of the grand prize—125,000 francs, 5000*l.*—or of the diamond necklace, we hesitate whether it shall be the aforesaid calculating machine, or a landscape in oils, or a stock of string in balls of different sizes enough to set up a village shop, or a carriage, close or open, or an assortment of Dutch gin and liqueurs in bottle, or a cottage piano, or a ditto playable with a crank, or a pair of lamps, or only a single one, or a jointed doll, or a live palm-tree, or a lady's hat and feather, or a satin-cushioned ebony chair, or a dinner-service of glasses for twelve, or an enamelled water-jug and dish, or a porcelain statuette, or a pair of faience vases, or— But the selection is bewildering. So the wise plan will be to reckon on nothing, except the pleasure of having sent workmen's delegates to study the masterpieces of their respective industries.

'Keep the feet warm, and the head cool,' says your doctor. Few English would suspect that the means of doing so were demonstrated in that yellow varnished building in the garden of the Trocadéro, with '*Forêts*' (*Forests*) inscribed in wooden letters on its elevated frontal. You mount the steps and, entering, are confronted by a wild boar with white tusks ready for action. He is only a

harmless type of indigenous game. To the left the wall is hung with round transverse slices of the trunks of trees, like wooden cheeses, with bits of wood clumsily simulating the shape of a human foot; in short, with a complete series illustrating the manufacture of sabots, or wooden shoes, together with the tools employed; from the woodman's double-heeled sabot (one at the real heel, the other at the toe), for stumping through half-frozen slush and mud, to the lady's Sunday or carriage-driving sabot, carved and blacked outside to imitate the folds of leather, lined with velvet and edged with fur.

Dispersed about the building are treatises (with a request not to take them away), printed at the Imprimerie Nationale for the Ministry of Agriculture and Commerce (Administration des Forêts) specially for the Exhibition of 1878. They are much dearer than Government publications for the spread of information ought to be; and the 'Notice sur l'Industrie du Sabotage' gives you very little for your money, being confined to one Department only (Lozère) in the south. More interesting would have been the sight of men actually at work making sabots, cutting each wooden cheese into two halves, each half, when large, into quarters, each of which quarters contains a shoe, exactly as the statue lies hid in the block of marble. When the outside form is fairly rough-hewn, the heart of it is cut out, for the foot to enter, with augurs and other tools, whose names, the 'Notice' fussily says, are not found in the French dictionary. The cost of a set of tools, comprising the sabotier's bench, scarcely exceeds 50 francs, or 2*l*.

The fashion of wearing wooden shoes is very ancient, being im-

posed on the mountain populations almost by necessity, especially in winter, in consequence of their granitic subsoil. Some sabots are shod with iron and nails by the village blacksmith to make them last longer, and, what would scarcely be expected, to render the step firmer and prevent slipping on ice and hardened snow. The male peasantry of Lozère are thus so comfortably and healthily shod as to be unacquainted with woollen stockings. With sabots stuffed with hay or straw and the upper part of the foot protected by gaiters, they fearlessly trudge through the puddley places in which they have to earn their daily bread. It would be useless to advise our marshmen to work in sabots; they would just as soon eat frogs and snails. Prejudice is omnipotent. Diderot tells us that, some hundred years ago, a London physician prescribed a pair of sabots to a child of quality who promised to be rickety, but that not a single sabot could be found in all Great Britain, and they were obliged to send across the Channel to obtain them.

The fir-tree, *Pinus sylvestris*, Auvergne variety, is employed for rough sabots. It supplies an excellent winter *chaussure*, protects the feet from wet by the resinous nature of its tissue, does not slip on ice, is light and soft to the foot, dries rapidly, and is sufficiently lasting, especially when the round of wood is taken near the foot of the tree. A fifty-year-old fir-tree will give ten pairs of sabots; men's from the foot of the tree, women's from the middle of the trunk, children's from the top and the stoutest branches. The chips and the twigs serve for fire-wood. Other woods employed are the birch, the alder, the beech, and the walnut, the last only for luxurious sabots. Its slow growth also

limits its use, as well as its being in request for furniture. In Lozère, the saying runs, the walnut-tree is small during a hundred years, tall and healthy another hundred years, wasting away and hollow for the next hundred years.

Of course the Forêts would be incomplete without a show of other woods, amongst them of the much-talked-of *Eucalyptus globulus*, which is heavy, light-coloured, and takes a natural polish without varnish. This Australian Blue Gum-tree is peculiar-looking, fast-growing, and undoubtedly useful where it can exist for a series of years; but the warnings respecting its unsuitableness to the climate of Great Britain ought to be repeated until they are listened to. Nurserymen are wrong when they offer its seeds or seedlings to be planted as largely as oak or ash—everywhere, indeed, except at the North Pole. When they call it hardy, they tell a big —. English gardeners are boasting the height and girth of sundry specimens. Those trees, however, only prove the mildness of the last two winters; not at all that the species is hardier than was supposed. The *Gardener's Chronicle* sees the prolongation of 'the silly season' in the numerous letters to the daily papers on the subject of *Eucalyptus* trees. One writer in the *Standard* even goes so far as to recommend them to be planted on the Thames Embankment, to neutralise the effects of sewage impurities. But even their supposed power to destroy malaria is at present not proven, although their very rapid growth and proportionate exhalation of water from their leaves must necessarily have a good effect by absorbing stagnant moisture from the soil. Nor is the influence of their balsamic exudations absolutely denied. But first of all, they have to be

kept alive. Those who know anything about *Eucalypti*, know very well that it is only under exceptional circumstances that they will survive our winters at all. A severe winter would infallibly kill the majority of the trees down to the ground, if it did not destroy them outright. On a small scale, in favoured localities, where due protection could be given, the result might be different; but that does not invalidate the general rule.

Where can we find old *Eucalypti* outdoors? The proof of their youth is seen in their leaves, which, when juvenile, are sessile on their branch, fixed in a plane more or less perpendicular to the axis of that branch. In that state they give some amount of shade. This is the condition of most of the subjects seen in pots or tubs, or planted out for summer ornament; and it lasts until the tree has attained a height of ten or twelve feet at least. But when a three-year-old specimen, planted out in spring, has taken good root and survived uninjured a winter like the last, its new terminal shoots assume quite a different type. The leaves, once sessile, become more sharp-pointed, and droop from footstalks an inch and a half long, or longer; and they hang in a vertical plane, perpendicular to the horizon, so as to afford but little shade. The higher the sun mounts the less shade they give. The peculiarity is worth noting, if only to show that adult *Eucalypti*, at a certain stage of growth, fall in with the general type of their Australian brethren; namely, they become shadeless trees. They are the Peter Schlemyls of the grove.

There were plenty of curiosities outside the show. The Exhibition made a man acquainted with strange fellow-travellers. Who

are these just come in to breakfast! They speak a language to which my ear catches no clue. They wrap their teapot in a napkin, to keep it warm; they empty soft-boiled eggs into a tumbler-glass and stir them up into an ill-looking mess. They are accompanied by an interpreter, who lays on the table a packet of tea and bread wrapped in an old newspaper. I glance at the print. The characters are Russian. At the theatres you meet the same unwonted company. It was puzzling to decide which beheld each other with the greater astonishment—the *danceuses*, who, because they represented young men, seemed to think they might dispense with petticoats, or the Norman *fermières*, who, proud of their provinciality, filled a side-box to the ceiling with their church-steeple caps.

Curious must be the cheap diners offered by benevolent restaurants for 1 fr. 20 c.—a fraction less than a shilling—and, at La Jeune France, Rue Valois, behind the Palais Royal, for 1 fr. 40 c., and 1 fr. 70 c., in case you choose to indulge in an extra. For the last sum you have potage, three dishes, a half-bottle of wine, dessert, and bread at discretion! Without having the courage to essay their merits, I made sure that those establishments do exist, and that some people are content with them. We preferred the Diner de Paris, Passage Jouffroy; good, but too crowded, hot, and bustling. True, they do give you an ice; which is a capital contrivance for catching a cold in the head. At the close of one meal I had a hungry young lady standing by my side waiting for my vacant chair. Poor little famished thing! I had no choice but to finish off as speedily as possible. Those struggles for life, however, will calm down with

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the exodus of the exhibitors and the shutting up of their show. Better, and highly to be recommended, is the Café Corazza, 12 Palais Royal, on the right hand as you enter from the Rue Vivienne, and near the end. With capital cookery, exquisite wines, and sufficient elbow-room, the prices are moderate for what you get in return.

And now adieu to L'Exposition Universelle de 1878. It will be long before we look upon its like again; for besides the marvels of human intelligence, skill, and industry, it was replete with those every-day conveniences which are too often absent from public gatherings, with plenty of free sitting room, resting-places, and other accommodation for the weary and the weak. In fine weather a more extraordinary garden-party could not be beheld; in foul weather there was abundant shelter, occupation, and amusement for everybody. The last Exhibition rose of summer has finally bloomed beside its companions, the trained fruit-trees, now transplanted to bear their crops elsewhere. The tramway horses' feet will still patter audibly in the streets while the wheels roll noiselessly over the rails; but the crowds which besieged them, so often in vain, will be dispersed all over the habitable world, leaving sufficient room for Parisians proper. *Sic transit gloria*. Mighty machines, dainty exhibits, and bright glass cases must give way to packing-boxes, cordage, and straw. But at least they have had their brilliant day—which is something. For the rest, they do but submit to the common destiny,

'And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a rack behind! We are such
stuff

As dreams are made of.'

NN

FORSAKEN.

THE sky is cheerless with clouds of gloom ;
The boughs are bare and the leaves are shed ;
The rushes away to the surging tune
Of a stream whose music is dull and dead ;
And never a gleam of sun o'erhead,
And never a blade of grass left green ;
And crystal jewels all strewn and spread
Where thousand flushes of bloom have been.

The birds are singing no song of joy ;
The ivy covers an empty nest :
Will chill of the winter's breath destroy
The light of summer within my breast ?
For comes the touch of a doubt unblest,
And it breaks the calm of a tender dream,
And the crystal cold of its hand has preat
My hope from a hope that 'might have been.'

O swaying rushes and shivering birds,
O stream that has never a song to sing,
O fickle swallows who heard his words,
Half whispered here in the silver spring,
My sighs with you to the south may bring
The old, old story of trust betrayed ;
For here I weep, while on wayward wing
You flit and flutter through sun and shade.

I see you fly where my love has flown ;
I see you follow the shimmering track
Of a sunlight spread on a sea sun-strown
With rays that never may lead him back ;
For few and fickle are vows that lack
The truth that lives in the far, far north :
O love, O life, that you might come back,
If only to tell me what love is worth !

Is it worth a summer of bliss divine,
Or a thousand kisses in haze of night,
Or a thousand vows that proclaim you mine,
Or a wrong that never can be set right ?
Is it worth the shedding of tears that blight
Those eyes whose lustre you loved so well ?
Is it worth the loss of a life's delight
To love too little—or love too well ?

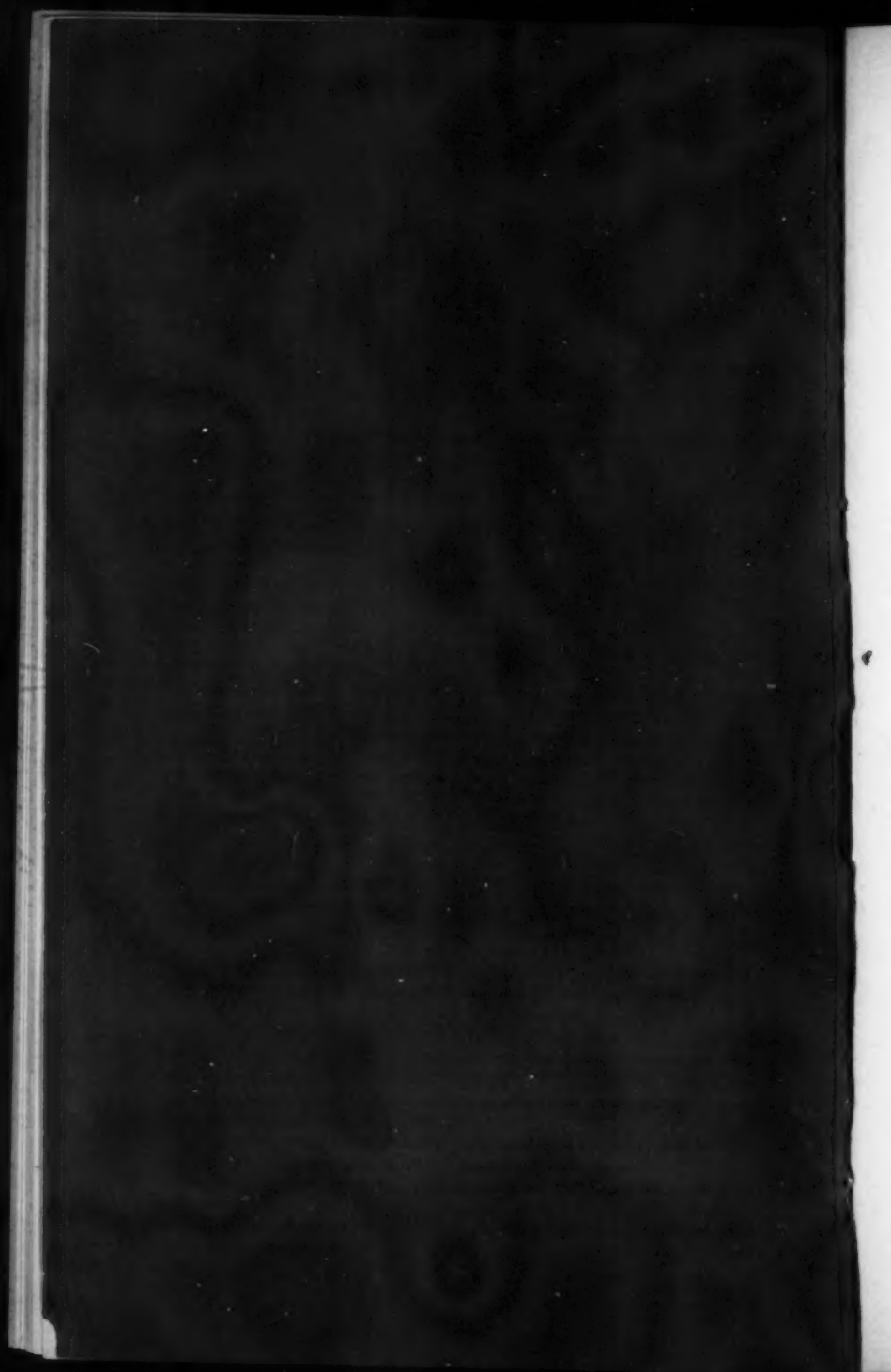
O sorrowful eyes all dark and dim,
That look at me from an amber cloud—
A cloud that was burnished gold to him,
Who touched it once with a touch so proud !
O face that has gathered the winter's chill
On lips and brow that to him were vowed !
I would you could follow him where he will,
Or—sink to rest in the summer's shroud !

ANTA.



The little child, with hands of prayer,
In language low and sweet, has said,
The Father, who is Father, who is God,
Oh Father, who is God, is He, I say, who said,

Rev. F. PARKER.



CRESSIDA.

BY BERTHA THOMAS, AUTHOR OF 'PROUD MAISIE.'

CHAPTER XXX.

PARTING.

THE sea was calm again; the squall had passed away, the waves sinking with the wind, but still falling over on the beach with that lapping, angry sound which seems to whisper that the very abating of the storm's fury is but the secret gathering for a fresh burst.

The sky was clear this morning; fishermen were out on the quay, getting their boats and nets ready; children came down to the cove opposite where the brig had struck, to watch the floating spars and bits of wreckage coming ashore, a common sight on that coast. Last night's storm would soon be forgotten, and the damage done here effaced. What was it to the disasters and loss of life on other shores, of which to-day brought the reports? The excitement stirred at Seacombe by the wreck of the vessel and the rescue of the crew was subsiding already, and the place relapsing into its customary state of unbroken, unbreakable repose.

Stillness everywhere, and most of all in the small gray house on the height, sad-looking to-day—hard to say why—and stillest of all in that room with the drawn blinds, and within, two stricken lives.

That she was forbidden to hope, that the injuries, beyond question, were of a mortal kind, and that Joe had not many hours to live, Cressida had heard that morning, heard it calmly too.

But she is paler than he whom she is watching, with such supreme, intense anxiety. Her countenance is the more changed. Joe's has not altered much; nay, it is more composed and natural, and more familiar than his face as she saw it yesterday.

There was no more to be done—they had left her alone with him for a little or a long time; how should she tell? There is no known measure for minutes like those; she seemed to feel her soul ebbing away with them.

'Cressida.'

She had been longing for it till it sounded in her ears, and she could not tell if it was real now. She stood bending over him; the word had rushed to his lips as he half opened his eyes, and looked up at her vacantly and in wonder. There was death in that white face he saw stooping down, and in those sad, speaking eyes. What could be the meaning of it all? He seemed dimly to remember and to realise what had happened to him.

He was thinking of the wreck—the boat—tried to ask some question about the crew. Were all the fellows saved? Yes. That was right. For the rest, the courage and firmness that were as much part of him as the colour of his eyes and his hair, remained unshaken now. Cressida stood motionless, unconsciously holding his hand fast, as if to cling to some link between them, and waiting with shame and distress for the fuller return of memory,

the rousing of thought and its fatal sting, at which the old kind look would change, and vanish away for the last time. Slowly consciousness brought back recollection, and under it his countenance took an expression of unspeakable sadness—but the film of passion was swept away; the turbid currents of his mind ran clear.

'Tell me,' he said fixedly, 'was I wrong—mad, when I thought I could not trust you any more?'

'Joe,' said Cressida, in a whisper, 'I was mad, and it has cost us both our lives. Do you think I can live when you are gone?'

She saw he would believe her now—that truth thus challenged springs out so in eyes and voice that it need not call on Heaven to attest it.

His look softened gradually as he watched her. He did not know how, but felt as if they were or might be at one—still.

'I love you, Joe,' she whispered again; 'and yet, and yet, I was to blame for everything that came to pass—I, more than he. Not that I cared for him—ever—and I was getting to hate him—as I hate him now.'

'You would not have let me go, then,' he said slowly, 'for any other—not in your heart?'

'Not for my life,' she said impetuously; 'but what of that, since I trifled, when it was trifling away your love and our lives that rested on it? But when he sent me word he should come to see me again, I wrote to say I would not have it—the letter you would not let me send, Joe, you remember.'

Joe was trying to collect his scattered faculties; reason, memory, judgment enough to follow what she was saying. He appeared to understand.

'I was angered then at your not trusting me blindly,' she con-

tinued; 'I, who had done my best to destroy your trust and make you think I was unworthy of it.'

'Tell me again,' said Joe. He seemed to catch eagerly at something in her words that his heart desired, something far beyond what the mere sense of them conveyed. 'For I think I've loved you too much, my dear. You did not love me like that, I knew. But it was not he you cared for, not he—at least, you said so.'

His eyes were closed again; consciousness was steady, still, but fainter.

'Joe,' she leaned close over him, 'can you hear me?'

He signed with a smile that he could.

'No man living ever has had, or ever will have had love from me, but you.'

'I thought,' said Joe, whom her words seemed to revive, 'that I had been a rough fellow—perhaps too rough for one like you—and that you wished me gone.'

'You forgot you had been so good to me,' said Cressida passionately; 'better than any one else in the world; and I loved you best, for that, and must have loved you best, on and on, to the end.'

'Kiss me.'

The hours came and went, bringing their full burden of heaviness and doom, not to be averted now. But to the last the expression on his lips remained unaltered, as it were of the last imprint his mind received, a consciousness to which he clung tenaciously, and passed out of the world with it in possession—a deep, conquering, almost exulting peace and satisfaction of soul.

Cressida's composure astonished every one. But only the inexperienced were not alarmed by it and its continuance. No one

mocked her with consolation or demonstration of sympathy. She let Fan lead her away, lay down as she was told, but for days and nights long she did not sleep.

Whatever they told her to do she did, with a sort of unthinking resignation and unconcern. Like a prisoner waiting for assured release, who meanwhile submits to orders with the ready obedience of indifference.

She was to leave Seacombe as soon as possible. Her father had come, and was to take her home to the parsonage at Fernswold. They thought it was the best plan. To Cressida all plans were alike, all places, and all persons.

On the last day, however, she forced herself to rouse her mind a little. She called for Fan, who had remained with her until now, and asked who else had been there. She had heard voices, she said, and knew there was some one she wanted to see before she left.

'Mr. Halliday,' replied Fan. 'I wrote for him to come. Is it he?'

She shook her head. The power of that name, along with much else, had been killed in her by the present unnatural sorrow. If she lived for anything it was to make peace with the minds she had wronged, and of these she did not feel he was one.

'Norbert,' she said. 'Might he come, do you think?'

'Yes, O yes; he is well now.'

'I know,' said Cressida. 'Send him, please.'

One flash of gladness it gave her. When he came in and she saw the clear eye that met hers, the young face as she remembered it long ago—manlier and firmer, but otherwise the same—a smile she had thought nothing could raise came back once more with a kind of gleam.

'How well you look!' she said, her listless eyes resting on him with wistful surprise and pleasure as she stretched out her hand.

It was Norbert who was shocked at her appearance; she was almost unrecognisable; her features ashy pale, a shadow over her eyes, their light extinguished. Was that the beautiful girl who had spirited away half his soul once?

'I thought,' she said, 'I should like to see you once more, just to feel it was true, and that you are well again, as they told me. And to ask you to forgive me,' she added slowly, by and by. 'You won't refuse. He forgave me, and he had more against me even than you.'

Norbert's voice faltered a little, as he said very gently,

'You could not help it.'

'People are kind now,' she said, 'and it is very sweet. You are going to be happy—you, and Fan, and—' she stopped, passed her hand over her eyes, and added dreamily, 'Joe and I are alone now.'

Norbert, as he stood by and watched her compassionately, had grasped in a moment what all others had failed fully to apprehend.

'Should you not live for your friends, Cressida,' he said suddenly, 'if you can? Do they know how ill you are?'

'Yes, I am ill, I know,' she said vaguely. 'I shall be better soon. But when your heart has been struck like that, there is no help sometimes.' A passing look on his face as she spoke penetrated her deeply; she remembered, and said again more earnestly, 'Forgive me, Norbert; I know now what the hurt there is that kills. I have felt it too.'

CHAPTER XXXI.

• ALONE.

THREE weeks since the night of the wreck. Upon the November gales an early winter has set in, hard and chill. Frost binds everything, and for days the country has been buried under a light covering of snow.

It lies on the Monks' Orchard woods, on the gables of the closed and shuttered house, the empty farm, over the graves in Fernswold churchyard, and the slate roofs of the little rectory close by, where Cressida is.

Winter has set in in her heart too; frost-bite, for which there is no known cure, and the evil is making its way. No feeling seems left to that heart but in one place, and there something cries out for help that the world cannot render now.

They have all got frightened about her at last; her father, and aunt, and friends. She has grown so weak, who never had strength to spare; but they suppose the young wife's grief must have its way. The doctor says nothing, which frightens them more. Cressida is totally quiet, and seems collected in mind, but does not grow better.

Indeed, to her the life going on around was as strange and apart as to a visitant from a distant country or the next world. If there be really wandering spirits of departed ones about us, how they must laugh at the trivial routine they see us enter upon daily with such zest and industry!

Cressida overheard people talking of herself, of Joe, of his *will*, of the way in which everything had been left to her as absolutely and unconditionally as possible, of how she was now mistress for her life of the Monks' Orchard

estate, and so forth. There would be papers to be signed, forms to be attended to, 'when she was stronger.'

It sounded in her ears simply unmeaning,—a tale told by an idiot,—conveyed no idea, left no mark on her mind whatever.

If once or twice, with a notion of rousing her, they made some distant gentle approach to the subject, wanted her attention for a moment, or her signature, she would put them off, saying, 'To-morrow.' She felt herself as if waiting for something.

One afternoon she asked to be left quite quiet and alone. She must rest, she said. They darkened the room and promised she should not be disturbed.

An hour or so passed by; presently she got up from the sofa, went to the window, and looked out. The scene scarcely came on her as familiar, in its glittering shroud of snow, but how beautiful that shroud was! It disguised the wintry bareness, yet threw out the delicate outlines here and there. The frosted branches and twigs of the tall elms and limes, the feathered shrubs, the soft fleecy meadows and white hedges,—it was a fairy sight; stilling with its intensity of peace, deadening too.

Cressida pressed her face against the glass. Her thoughts would go astray sometimes from sheer weakness, and she was aware of it. There was one distinct longing in her mind, however; foolish, perhaps, but not to be silenced, and to-day she felt her head steady enough to carry her intention through.

Mechanically she took a shawl and wrapped it round her, but the low fever that had been on her for days made her quite insensible to cold at this moment. She left the room, and stood at

the head of the staircase and listened. If they knew, they would stop her going, she feared, and she was not strong enough to insist. All in the house was quiet. A spirit could not have descended the steps more noiselessly. The next minute her hand was on the garden-door, and she passed out unperceived, and disappeared up the shrubbery of evergreens.

The early dusk of winter was gathering; she must make haste. A few steps brought her to the gate by the road; but as she opened it, she felt her weakness, and her brain turned dizzy. She waited for a moment, with her eyes resting on the little church and the graveyard stones on the slope opposite. Only the lane was between, and as she looked her head grew lighter; she felt suddenly better—quite well. The snow was falling in light soft flakes as she crossed the road, but the air was so intensely still that the cold did not strike. She pushed aside the little wicket-gate, and made her way quickly to a point screened by the church from the road.

She was tired and out of breath when she got there—the old retreat by the sunken wall under the ash-tree, where she used to watch sunsets and dream to them, close to the family-vault of the Kennedys, with its several inscriptions—the stone that had been put up when Tom Kennedy died, his name the last that had been added yet.

It was a senseless fancy, no doubt, that made her feel as if in this place she were nearer Joe than in any other; but so it was, and she could not help it. It was the only spot in the world where she had a wish to come; the desire had been in her for long; she had merely been waiting for some hour when she should

feel strong enough to make the effort on her own account, before those in the house could prevent her. She would not stay more than a few minutes; but she thought she must be happier afterwards.

Why, already she felt in some way comforted. Out here she had a sense of freedom, escape, reunion; because she was alone with the thought and memory of him. Indoors they were all watching and troubling her. For, though they never said so, she knew they wished her to distract herself, were waiting and hoping to see her get over her loss, be resigned, and get well. And they were people who did not care for him. His being dead mattered only to them for her sake. She hated to be amongst them. Their kind words jarred on her. They had no glimmering of the heart-crushing sorrow they wanted to soothe.

Out here there is calm and liberty. The snow buries Nature, her life and corruption, giving them both one aspect—a semblance that is not their own. Is there no like numbing kindly veil for the spirit, that can fall on it, cover it, make sorrow one with joy, merging both in that which is neither—rest?

Coming here has done her good, as she knew it must. She can almost fancy Joe is near her, that they are talking and laughing together as they used. Then she leans against the stone, rests her head on her hands, and though her lips do not move, she can hear the voice of her soul repeating again and again, 'I love you,' and can feel he is listening.

Not a sound broke the stillness around her, binding everything as in an enchanted sleep. But the red sun had sunk; it was darkening fast; she had already stayed longer than she meant, and must

be going, she repeats aloud mechanically. One moment more. She is tired, and sits down to rest. Then a dazed feeling comes over her, and she forgets where she is.

Yes, those were good old times at the farm, when first they went there. Oddly the fancies come and go—a tribe of vivid, but trivial and unconnected memories. That was a hard winter too. A reminiscence crosses her of a day when, after a heavy snow-fall, she was looking out of the window of her room and saw Joe just underneath, bringing in an armful of logs. She shook down a quantity of snow upon him in play; it covered him over, and he stood laughing and helpless, his arms loaded, unable to defend himself, or to bring such a snowdrift into the kitchen, begging for mercy; whilst she laughed, threw down more snow, till he looked like a big Polar bear.

It is spring now, and they go walking in the lanes together—something brings it all back on her—how they loitered by a wide-running mill-stream, she standing leaning over a rustic wooden bridge, Joe gone down the bank after a water-snake or a sedge-warbler's nest, intent on his researches when roused by an exclamation of dismay from the bridge.

'What's the matter now?' he said, looking up. Her hat had been carried off by the wind into the stream; she stood there with her hair all blown about, laughing, and pointing ruefully to the water, where the current was rapidly floating down her hat to the mill-wheel hard by.

How Joe tried to stay its course and failed; how it was caught in the reeds and fished out at last with much difficulty, and in a dripping condition; how she stole his cap and walked home in it—

curiously it is all happening over again—how, when they got back, she so liked her appearance that she threatened to keep his property, and suggested he should take hers in exchange.

How they laughed! She is laughing now, and the sound of her voice recalls her to herself—in part. She is there, face to face with the wintry earth. She looked around and saw the frozen vale beneath her, stretching away to the red horizon, like an arctic sea, broken by thorn-hedges, marked here and there by a black leafless bough from which the snow has been shaken; the far still woods yonder, dreaming of spring; the wide leaden sky overhead, that looks as if it was coming down.

Her lips are pale, but the old light half gleams in her eyes as she lifts them, clasping her hands mutely, as it were, in a supreme appeal to the eternal powers around her to make her heart's pain cease, and soon.

More merciful than her children the earth looks to-night; more mighty to heal.

To Cressida, as the soft snow falls noiselessly around her, there is brought such a sweet feeling of sleep as has not come to her for long; at its touch pain dies away; her brain and heart are at ease, lulled in a last dream of reunion; and her only, her last fading, fear is to wake and find herself back in the world alone.

No more. Her guardians have missed her, and presently, suspecting where she may have gone, are coming to find her there, sunk in a perfect sleep, and to take her back home.

Nay, for hers is far off. Wherever the dead have their abiding-place, there it lies. Ere another day shall dawn she will have found it. The bird is escaping, and, freed, will know its way.

CONCLUSION.

ANOTHER spring has come and gone, transforming the face of the earth, enduing it with fresh life and loveliness, and waking the voices of joy and gladness. New faces at Monks' Orchard, which has become the property of strangers. Children go racing through the picture-gallery, and rambling the woods that ring with their merry shouts and laughter. The rectory has changed hands, too; and as the season advances events approach that will inaugurate a new era for others who have grown up among those scenes and are about to part from them now.

One day there came three to Fernswold—for the last time. It is farewell. An end and a beginning; to-morrow brings the outset of changes. Greywell is to have a new owner; the Alleynes are removing, and a few weeks hence two of the children of that house are to start on their altered life, under fresh auspices; and their paths, though different, are not to be divided.

All three visitors had been drawn to the same spot by a feeling akin to that which had led Cressida there so irresistibly.

The brother and sister came together, and stood awhile by a grave where all that was sweetest and saddest in their young experience lay entombed. For one of them, the idolatry of early love, of which—even though it have worked desolation—some imperishable essence, sweet unto death, survives.

Norbert will never know love like that love. Yet for him, as for her who stood by him, life was but just beginning, the world had heights and depths to reveal to them both, secrets of more precious and profound significance

than any which had yet passed under their ken.

The other came alone. He, too, was entering upon a brightened career, with a prosperous future in view; years well filled with noble interests and important endeavour and lasting pleasures, all to be shared by her, the loved young girl he had chosen from among all others for his lifelong companion.

Only his youth was behind him; and his farewell was to that and its divinity of feeling. Something that has been; something beyond what can ever be again.

Once a light dawned for him, in the shape of sweet human love. How it made magically clear and sure what the teaching of great men and great books conveys faintly and doubtfully!—created faith in illimitable things, woke exalted desire, gave intelligence of immortality—treasures whose ministers are chary of their bounty. He saw his last of them when he quenched that light, and wrote 'False' in the ashes.

Strange that his present feeling should be so like that of one asking forgiveness of the dead; a sense of injustice unintentionally rendered, tardily revoked, now he acknowledges what it may be nothing less than the things that had passed could have brought home to him—how little he really knew her, but how he came nearest to it in the moments when he had held her most dear!

The old dead love in his heart, that he was so eager to destroy, cries out that it was falsely slain. She is far from him; she will not hear now. Yet whether it be to dumb deaf earth or to a purified and illumined soul, his acknowledgment has gone forth. 'My spirit wronged yours when you were here. Mine the loss as well.'

He must not look back, much less think what that love, triumphant, might have done for him and for her. There is no help here. It was finished long ago. Just for one moment he wavered,

before letting go his grasp on memory—that was a leave-taking for all time and eternity—and then, shutting the door on the past for ever and ever, he went forth to fulfil his course on the road of life.

The End.

A COUP D'ÉTAT.

If little seeds by slow degree
Put forth their leaves and flowers unheard,
Our love had grown into a tree,
And bloomed without a single word.

I haply hit on six o'clock,
The hour her father came from town ;
I gave his own peculiar knock,
And waited slyly, like a clown.

The door was open. There she stood,
Lifting her mouth's delicious brim.
How could I waste a thing so good !
I took the kiss she meant for him.

A moment on an awful brink—
Deep breath, a frown, a smile, a tear ;
And then, ' O Robert, don't you think
That that was rather—*cavalier* ?

POPULAR NAMES AND SINGULAR MOTTOES OF BRITISH REGIMENTS.

NEARLY all the regular regiments in the infantry of the British Army are distinguished by numerals, from No. 1 to something over No. 100 (at present 110); and the same remark, with exceptions which need not be particularised here, applies to the cavalry regiments. Besides this, most of the corps are also known by distinctive names, such as King's Own, Queen's Own, Royals, Buffs, Borderers, Scots Greys, Black Watch, Rangers, Carabineers, &c.; while certain groups of regiments are further identified as Rifles, Fusiliers, Guards, Dragoon Guards, Light Dragoons, Lancers, Hussars, Fencibles, &c. But a more curious part of the subject, and that which has suggested the present paper, is that the greater part of the regiments have attached to them some peculiar nickname, saying, shout, byword, or motto, applied to them, and to them only; sometimes by themselves, sometimes by others; occasionally satirical and unacceptable, but for the most part pleasantly recognised by the officers and men of the several corps.

This tendency towards nicknaming shows itself much more extensively than we are in the habit of supposing. It is scarcely too much to say that there is no profession, trade, avocation, or position in life without it; while the tendency is strengthened by every grouping of people into classes, parties, coteries, or cliques. Do not the students at the Home and

Colonial Society's School speak pleasantly of the establishment as the 'Ho and Co'? Is not the Medico-Chirurgical Society the 'Medico-Chi' among the members? Are not the Christ's Hospital boys the 'Bluecoat boys,' and the scholars at Winchester School the 'Wykehamists'? Has not many a boy rueful reasons to know what a 'fag' at school means? and are not 'coach' and 'scouts,' so puzzling to outsiders, every-day terms at Oxford and Cambridge? Grave clergymen indulge in a sly poke at a reverend brother who shows his 'High' proclivities by wearing an 'M.B.' vest—initials about as intelligible as Sanscrit to the uninitiated; and they have a technical meaning for a 'parson's week.' The 'Upper Ten Thousand,' in itself a specialty, was further changed to the 'Upper Ten.' Quakers used to be, if they are not now, 'Broadbrims.' Charity schoolboys wore 'muffincaps' before the introduction of recent changes in dress. Ladies a few months back wore 'pork-pies'; menfolk still wear 'wideawakes.' Policemen have not quite ceased to be 'Bobbies,' nor fourpenny-bits 'Joeys.' Sailors are 'old salts' and 'jolly tars'; clerks are 'quill-drivers.' But we need not further extend the illustrations.

It is noticeable that some regiments, especially those raised originally in Scotland, have always been strong in the number of men bearing a particular surname. The clue to this is to be found in

the fact that clanship is (or was) territorial in its tendency; the clan being a kind of large family, dividing off into households as the number of mouths increased, but still regarding a particular locality as in some sense headquarters. In the early days of the reign of George II. every officer and man of one particular Argyllshire regiment was a Campbell, to this day the family name of the ducal head of that shire; when that regiment marched to the attack, it was indeed 'The Campbells are coming!' Again, during the wars of the French Revolution, a regiment of volunteers was raised entirely among the Elliotts; the men relished the joyousness of marching to the time of the old song,

'My name it is Tam Elliott,
And wha daur meddle wi' me!'

Mottos are much used in the army, in many cases rather unintelligible to the men of the respective regiments, among whom learning is somewhat at a low ebb. Of course plain English can be interpreted by word of mouth from man to man; and the Highlanders, Irish, and Welsh recruits soon learn to know something about the meaning of mottos in those languages, of which there are a few examples; but if, as we are told, there are more than twenty regiments that bear Latin mottos, this must be a sore puzzle to the men. After all, what the French call *sobriquets* and we 'nicknames' are most in favour as distinguishing marks between one corps and another. We can well imagine that some stirring incident in actual warfare earned for one regiment the title of the 'Die-hards'; that powers of endurance were displayed by the 'Rough and Toughs'; that the steadiness of another (probably Scotch) was complimented

by the designation 'Shoulder to Shoulder'; and that 'Lord Lake's Dirty Shirts' told of a regiment doing hard service in India under privations which rendered futile any appeal to the aphorism that 'Cleanliness is next to godliness.'

Let us glance at her Majesty's regiments of the line, and gather a few illustrations of this tendency to the adoption of by-names.

The 1st Regiment of Foot, being A 1 in the order of raising, are the 'Royals.' The 2d Foot have a 'Paschal lamb' as a badge on some part of the equipments, said to have been adopted because the corps was raised mainly to defend Tangier, the dowry brought by Charles II.'s Queen, Catherine of Braganza: the Paschal lamb being the badge of Portugal. Some years later the men were known satirically as 'Kirke's lambs,' in connection with events during the brutal proceedings of Judge Jefferies. The 3d Foot are known as the 'Bufs,' on account of the colour of their facings; also (seventy years ago) as the 'Nutmackers' and the 'Resurrectionists,' arising out of incidents in the Peninsular War. This is the only regiment entitled by special privilege to march through the City of London with drums beating and colours flying, the exception being a memento of the fact that the corps (in the time of Queen Elizabeth) was raised by combining various companies of the Trained Bands of London apprentices; the last year when the regiment exercised this privilege was, we believe, 1863. (An incident connected with 'Old Bufs' and 'Young Bufs' will come for notice in a later page.) The 5th Foot rank among the small number of regiments known as 'Fusileers'—a name that has lost its original meaning. The 'Old and Bold Fifth,' when on service in

the island of St. Lucia, took from slain French grenadiers sufficient white feathers to equip the whole regiment. This achievement was subsequently recognised by authoritative permission to wear a white plume in the hat or cap. An amusing illustration was afterwards afforded of the lessening of value in a coveted honour when it becomes too widely bestowed. A War Office order in 1829 appointed the white plume to be used more extensively than before in the British army; the 5th said (mentally, if not audibly), 'But we shall lose our mark of distinction if so many other fellows wear a white plume.' The War Office made it all right, by giving special permission to the 5th to wear a plume red in the upper half and white in the lower. Some of the men are said to have a theory of their own concerning the origin of this bi-colour, to the effect that in a sanguinary battle the 5th dipped the tips of their white plumes in the enemy's blood—very terrible, but not very probable.

The 6th like to be known as the 'Warwickshire Lads,' and also as the 'Saucy Sixth.' The 9th during the Peninsular War were for a time satirically known as the 'Holy Boys,' they were believed to have sold Bibles for drink, and to have sacked convents; but the men, of course, welcomed the more soldierly compliment of being the 'Fighting Ninth.' The 11th were at one time known as the 'Bloody Eleventh,' in the rough language of some of the men of other regiments, on account of the many sanguinary battles in which they had been engaged; the unpleasant designation was not, of course, permanently adopted. 'Calvert's Entire' was for many years the odd designation for the 14th, most likely from the name of the colo-

nel. The 17th are the 'Bengal Tigers,' the figure of a tiger being the regimental badge. The 19th and 20th were at one time the 'Green Howards' and the 'Howard Greens' respectively, both wearing green facings, and each having a Howard as the commanding officer; the names were certainly as nearly alike as they could well be without being actually identical. The 20th were at another time known as the 'Minden Boys,' from their gallantry shown at the battle of Minden. Why the 21st were originally known as the 'Earl of Mar's Grey Breeks' we shall perhaps not have any great difficulty in surmising. The 22d are the 'Two Two's'—an apposite, if not decidedly heroic, designation: on the Queen's birthday, review-days, and gala-days the men wear a sprig of oak in their caps or shakos, or a branch of oak on the shoulder, in recognition, it is said, of their services at the battle of Dettingen, where they rescued George II. from a position of considerable peril. The 23d are the 'Royal Welsh Fusiliers,' generally associated with the Principality by the nationality of many of the men. They wear a bow of ribbon on the collar, a *relique* or memorial of the pigtail so much worn in bygone times. They also rejoice (more or less) in being the 'Royal Goats' and the 'Nanny Goats,' the 'child of the regiment' is with them a goat, who seems to imbibe a sort of military pride in being a member of this distinguished corps. When the 23d marched past Buckingham Palace on their return from the Crimea, Nanny headed the men, and came in for a share of royal recognition. The 25th are the 'King's Own Borderers,' probably from having been originally raised in one of the border counties.

The singular name of the

'Slashers' has been given to the 28th. Some say that the regiment earned it by dashing and slashing heroism at the battle of White Plains during the American War, and that the men hold themselves ready to go anywhere and do anything, in virtue of their connection with this corps. But another story is more specific and sensational, to the effect that during the war just named a Canada merchant in a severe winter refused to give comfortable billets or quarters to the women of the regiment, wives of some of the men, whereby many of the poor creatures perished with cold. The officers, exasperated at this brutality and its result, took a revenge which the merchant never forgot for the remainder of his life. They dressed themselves like savages, burst into his sitting-room one evening, and slashed off his ears: lynch-law in good sooth! The 30th are the 'Treble X's' (XXX). The 31st, the 'Young Buffs,' once earned the good opinion of a general under whom they were serving. He cried out, 'Well done, old Buffs!' 'We are not the Buffs, sir,' was the reply. 'Then well done, young Buffs!' was the final response; and the 'Young Buffs' they became. The 33d Foot wished to become known as the 'Duke of Wellington's regiment,' and he consented, but stipulated for a postponement of the naming until after his decease; the assumption of the title, therefore, did not take place until 1853. The history of the regiment tells, however, of an older and more familiar appellation, the 'Havercake Lads,' due to the fact that when first raised their recruiting-sergeant was wont to march with an oat-cake impaled on his sword. The 35th are the 'Orange Lilies,' from the colour of their facings.

The 38th are proud of the in-

cident which has earned for them the privilege of wearing the regimental number-badge on the back as well as the front of their caps and shakos. It was a bit of prompt tactics during the campaign in Egypt. Being drawn up in an extended line only two deep, they were suddenly attacked by the enemy's cavalry both in front and in rear. The commanding officer gave the word 'Rear rank, right about face; fire!' They did so, and repelled both attacks at once. The 39th are the 'Green Linnets,' from the colour of their facings. The 40th are the 'Excellers,' a pleasant pun on the Roman numerals XL. The 42d, or 'Royal Highlanders,' have had a wide and enduring reputation as the 'Black Watch,' the English form of an almost unspellable Gaelic name. They formed one among many companies raised about 1730 to preserve the peace of the Highland borders, and were regularly regimented as the Highland Regiment, afterwards as the 42d Foot. The name Black Watch is said to have been due to the contrast between their sombre tartans and the brilliant scarlet of the English regiments. The gallant 42d have been in action in nearly all parts of the world—in Flanders, in North America, in the West Indies, in Egypt, in Holland, at Corunna, in Portugal, at Toulouse (in an attack on a French redoubt 500 men of the gallant corps were reduced to 90, by whom the victory was won); at Quatre Bras, Waterloo—But we know not where to stop.

The 43d are the 'Light Bobs,' for some reason with which we are unacquainted. The 44th are, for a very simple reason, the 'Two Fours,' while the 45th, for some local incident in their past history, receive the odd cognomen of the 'Old Stabbers.' The light com-

pany of the 46th, it appears, are privileged to wear a red ball in their caps. When engaged at the battle of Brandywine, during the great American war, the company greatly annoyed the enemy, who threatened to give them no quarter if the opportunity arose. Nothing daunted, the men of the 46th resolved that there should be no mistake; they dyed the ball red, instead of the green worn by the rest of the regiment; and many years afterwards the War Office sanctioned this peculiar distinction. The 50th are the 'Devil's Royals,' and, more politely, the 'Gallant Fiftieth,' in recognition of their prowess at the battle of Vimiera. They are, or were, also the 'Blind Half Hundredth,' from having been nearly blinded by ophthalmia during the campaign in Egypt; and when on one occasion they wiped their perspiring faces with their dark cuffs, they became for the nonce the 'Dirty Half Hundredth.'

A play upon the initials of King's Own Light Infantry gives the name of the 'Kolís' to the 51st Regiment. The 53d, from the colour of their facings, rejoice in the *sobriquet* of the 'Brickbats,' but more willingly in the whimsical name of the 'Five and Threepennies,' from 5 and 3, and from that sum being the daily pay of the lowest subaltern officer. The 55th are the 'Two Fives;' and the 56th the 'Pompadoours,' from the ruby-purple colour of their facings. The 58th are the 'Steelbacks,' probably for some such reason as that which earned for the Confederate General Jackson the familiar name of Stonewall Jackson. It was a singular circumstance in the history of the regiment that, a few years ago, the colonel, the lieutenant-colonel, one captain, one lieutenant, and one ensign all bore the surname

of Wynyard. The 59th are the 'Lilywhites.' The flattering name of the 'Springers' was given to the 62d on account of their rapid pursuit of the enemy after the battle of Trois Rivières, during the American war. At the subsequent battle of New Orleans a particular corps, considering itself to be badly supported, murmured, 'This would not have happened if the Springers had been here with us!' The 68th are not sorry to be known as the 'Faithful Durhams;' while the 69th, from the colour of their facings and the district in which they were first raised, are the 'Lincoln Greens.' The designation 'Seven and Sixpennies' was built upon the numerical denomination of the 76th, and also, it is said, upon the fact that seven-and-sixpence is, or was, the daily pay of one grade among commissioned officers. The 'Two Sevens' and the 'Pothooks' are not unknown to the men of the 77th. The 78th, the 'King's Own Men,' probably from having been originally raised in one particular part of Scotland, have generally been rich in Mackenzies; four Mackenzies were commissioned officers in this regiment at one time, about a dozen years ago.

There is a pleasant bit of gossip connected with the 83d or 'Glasgow Regiment.' The good city undertook to raise a corps of a thousand men during the American war. Provost Inglis and two gentlemen named Gray and Finlay set the movement on foot. They went all about Glasgow, beating up for recruits, Gray acting as sergeant and Finlay as piper. Meeting some friends the first day, they were asked what success they had had, to which the provost replied, 'There's a sergeant and a piper, and I am the regiment.' Nevertheless, the

full complement of a thousand men was soon collected. The 87th are the 'Faugh-a-Ballagh Boys.' When attacking the French at the sanguinary battle of Barossa, the men rushed on with an old Irish shout or war-cry, well known in the faction fights of Munster and Connaught, 'Faugh-a-Ballagh' i.e. 'Clear the way!' And they *did* clear the way, as the enemy found to their cost. The 88th, the 'Connaught Rangers,' can always easily be recruited in that province of Ireland. The 94th were once known as the 'Garvies.' Some say that the first recruits were lean and lanky fellows, and that garvie is Scotch for a lean herring. But others stoutly maintain that a garvie, though a small herring, is not necessarily lean, and that the recruits were plucky little fellows, not by any means characterised by lankiness. The 97th are the 'Celestials,' from the colour of their facings.

Nor are the cavalry regiments less prone than the infantry to adopt odd or peculiar designations, nicknames, out-of-the-way phrases, and special mottoes—less inclined to be able to say, 'This is mine, and not yours.' The Royal Horse Guards are the 'Oxford Blues,' so called from the colour of the uniform, a contrast to the usual scarlet of our regular army. The 2d Dragoon Guards, the 'Scots Greys,' bear a motto denoting that, though second in numerical order in that arm of the service, they are in other things 'second to none.' But they also have a crest of which the men are proud. When Sir William Ponsonby led them at Waterloo against a crack French regiment, a desperate struggle arose around the eagle or standard, which proudly bore the words 'Jena,' 'Auster-

litz,' 'Wagram,' 'Eylau,' 'Friedland.' Ponsonby was killed, but the eagle was captured by Sergeant Ewart, who was thereupon promoted to the rank of ensign for his prowess; and ever since then the Scots Greys have enjoyed the privilege of adopting an eagle with outstretched wings as a crest or badge, the only thing of the kind in the British army. The 5th Dragoon Guards, originally an Irish regiment of horse, were once known as the 'Green Horse,' from the colour of their facings. The 7th Hussars pride themselves, not on a special designation, but on being permitted to wear shirt-collars. 'When the regulation was promulgated,' we are told, 'for discontinuing the display of shirt-collars, by hiding them beneath the stocks, it did not meet the approval of Lord Anglesey, who was colonel of the regiment at that time.' His lordship's influence being great, the order was not enforced so far as concerned that particular corps. There is one regiment of infantry in enjoyment of the same privilege, and probably for a similar reason; a bit of white gives an air of cleanliness and smartness on parade; in the rough work of active service it would be 'nowhere.'

If time and space permitted, we might search the pages of Cannon's comprehensive *Records of the British Army* and *James's Military Dictionary* for many other curious illustrations of the matter now under consideration; but enough has been given to show that the by-names or nicknames are numerous, varied, and often whimsical. Many of the officers and men themselves are but little acquainted with some of them, arising out of incidents which have almost gone out of memory.

SIGHS FROM A LONDON WORKHOUSE.

AN inquest was some time ago held at the east of London on the body of an aged man, whose death had taken place under painful circumstances. The deceased, with his wife, who was in her seventy-fifth year, had occupied a miserable lodging of one small back room, the whole of the furniture of which consisted of two old chairs, a box which served for a table, and a heap of rags which was their bed. The man, being unable to work on account of feebleness and failing sight, and having no friends, had applied to the parish for relief, and during the past nine months had been allowed out-door help to the extent of two four-pound loaves, a pound and a half of meat, and two-and-sixpence in money weekly; and on this the old couple had somehow contrived to prolong existence, until in the case of the man Nature could hold out no longer, and one bitterly cold morning the woman found her old husband stark by her side. Medical testimony was forthcoming to the effect that death was the result of starvation pure and simple; and it having in the course of the inquiry transpired that the relieving officer had more than once, but in vain, suggested that the destitute couple should become inmates of the workhouse, the coroner thought it his duty to take the starved man's relict soundly to book for her reprehensible neglect of parochial asylum. He was at some pains to explain to her that if a person neglected the means of retaining life when it was in his power to do so, that virtually he committed suicide, which was an

offence abominable in the eyes of God and of men. But the coroner might as well have addressed his severe admonition to the wall, with her back to which the wrinkled offender stood, as to her, until the worthy official came to touch on the subject of 'graves,' which seemed to act as the prick of a spur on her dull intellect.

'Are you aware, ma'am,' the coroner remarked, 'that an ancient law, which is not yet repealed, consigns the individual who compasses his own death to an ignominious grave?'

'What kind of a grave might that be, kind sir?' the old woman asked, with an anxious look.

The coroner enlightened her as to the degradation that attended the interment of a *felo-de-se*, not forgetting to mention the 'sharp-pointed stake' or the 'torchlight.' Indeed, he was proceeding to expatiate on this last-mentioned feature of the business, when the old lady, with some show of impatience, interrupted him.

'But do they let you have an el-lum coffin?' she asked eagerly.

Mr. Coroner thought it not improbable.

'And do they let you lie by yourself in the grave where they bury you?'

The coroner, under the impression that the old woman was possessed of a superstitious dread of churchyard isolation, replied, with some emphasis, that she might rely on that; that it was scarcely likely that Christian folk would choose to lay their dead very close to one whose grave was so dishonoured.

'Then,' exclaimed the shocking old sinner, 'that settles it. I'm glad to hear that there is somehow a way of getting a quiet grave. Anything—anything,' she repeated with energy, 'is better than being buried in a heap as paupers are buried. That was my Charlie's opinion, and it is mine. It wasn't our dread of living in the workhouse that kept us from it; it was the horror of dying there.'

But the dark design so plainly implied by her outrageous language was not carried out. It was true that, still muttering defiantly, she was enabled to hobble safely out of court; but within a week, while she was in the very act of masticating a piece of parochial mutton she was so little grateful for, she was seized with a fit of coughing, and falling out of her chair hurt her head so seriously that she did not recover her senses for many hours afterwards, when, to her affright and dismay, she awoke to find herself an inmate of the very establishment against which she had expressed herself so strongly.

Hearing of the odd case I went to see the contumacious old soul, and found her at deadly feud with the whole staff of attendants and nurses, including the matron herself, her idea evidently being that if she became unbearably 'saucy' they would turn her out; but finding, after a protracted effort, that nobody evinced the least disposition to take offence at the outrageous epithets and personal abuse she launched at them, there she lay bitterly chafing and fuming, and rapidly fretting herself towards the grave which she regarded with so much terror. I am glad to be able to relate that the main purpose of my visit to her was to comfort her with the assurance that a lady had undertaken that when she

died her funeral should be paid for, and that not only should she have the much-coveted 'el-lum' coffin, but that the mound that covered her should be planted with flowers. She was so much rejoiced at the cheering prospect that she immediately laid herself straight down in her bed, with the intention, I believe, of dying there and then; instead of which, however, she fell into a long calm sleep (the first for a week), and waking up, improved in health so rapidly that in less than a month she was partaking heartily of the liberal 'old women's ward' rations, and is likely to live for some time to come.

I took advantage of my three or four visits to the workhouse in question to 'sound' a few of the aged inmates concerning the delicate question on which my old woman held such extreme views, and I am bound to say that her prejudice against pauper burial could hardly be called exceptional. One or two there were amongst the men with whom I gossiped on the subject who affected to treat it as one that was not worth while wasting a thought on, and who recklessly declared that they didn't care a button what became of their bodies when they had no further use for them; but it almost invariably happened that those who so expressed themselves were fellows in robust health, and not so old but that they might, with good luck, by and by get out of the 'house,' and become eligible for the good offices of the paid undertaker. Others there were who professed not to care very much 'how it went;' but these were generally found to be men who had friends or relatives 'outside,' and who clung desperately to the hope that 'for their own sake' they would avoid the disgrace of having it said that their father, or

their uncle, or their poor old brother, was buried 'with his name chalked on his coffin-lid.' As one aged gentleman pathetically put it,

'It don't make any difference, of course, sir; it ain't as though at the sound of the last trumpet the name-plates on our coffins will be wanted as a guide by Him who calls us to know who we are; but it's the bitter thought that a good name should become so degraded. Mine has been a good name, sir. I've seen it on the face of bills good for five hundred pounds scores and scores of times. For nearly thirty years it was a name common in the mouths of merchants and men in a fair position in life, to say nothing of its holding its place over one shop in Bishopsgate-street for more than a quarter of a century. But it is all gone now; except the good name I have nothing to leave behind me, and it is hard to think that it will be buried with me in the shape of being writ on my coffin-lid with a bit of chalk.'

I thought so too, but endeavoured to comfort the old pauper by pointing out that it mattered very little, chalk writing or plate of brass, when once the earth hid it.

'But a man does not like the idea of being wrongly described even to his coffin,' he urged; 'and he is very likely to be here, I do assure you, sir. It is a dreadfully ignorant man they have got to look after the coffins now. The shameful mistakes he makes ought to be brought before the Board. I've seen 'im with my own eyes, so I know. Why, it ain't a long while since when there was quite a respectable old gentleman died broken-hearted here after a stay of six weeks. His name was Job Manistre. Well, sir, you'd hardly believe it, when the coffins

were being brought out ready to be carried to the cemetery, there was wrote on his coffin-lid "Joe Banister," with no more respect for the poor man than though he had been part of an old staircase.'

But it was those who had outlived or been discarded by relatives and children, and who in their extreme age and abject poverty were without a friend in the world, who seemed to take most sorely to heart the inevitable end. Over and over again, and in almost the same words, did I hear the objections of the starved old man's widow repeated—'It isn't that living here is so bad; it is the thought of dying here, and being buried as they bury 'em all.' Of course it is not much, and it would never do to study too closely the whims and fancies of those who are dependent for the means of existence on the energy and industry of their fellow-creatures; but I can scarcely think that Boards of guardians generally are aware how much these poor pensioners make of the grievance of the name merely chalked on the coffin-lid, 'with no more ceremony, my good sir, nor not so much,' as one of them remarked, 'than though you was going by rail in the luggage-van. Not so much, for then you *would* have a printed ticket tacked on to you.' It may be quite true that to 'pamper' pauperism is a sure way of filling our workhouses, but there is a wide difference between pampering a man and observing such rigid economy in your dealings with him that you do not scruple to make his latter days miserable, to say nothing of distracting his thoughts from more solemn matters, in order to effect a saving of ninepence. The sort of 'plate' that would answer the purpose would not cost more;

just a small square of block-tin, say, with the letters of the name stamped thereon.

I found that the yearning after an 'el-lum' coffin was universal; but this is an extreme of fastidiousness that cannot be entertained. The ordinary parish coffin is shaped out of pine-wood of decent substance, and made sombre by a coating of lamp-black. By the side of the 'highly polished elms,' or the 'best superfine cloth-covered, with silver nails,' advertised by professional funeral 'performers,' it would present a mean appearance; but for that matter so does a fustian jacket beside a garment of broadcloth, and yet the one is as useful as the other.

I was given to understand, however, though not very definitely, that it was the actual burial—the way in which deceased paupers were consigned to mother earth—that made the subject such a sad one to reflect on. There was no other way of satisfying myself on this score than by being present at some burying-place when the last funeral rites were being performed under poor-law auspices. This might be easily accomplished, and it ought to be taken for granted that the melancholy business as transacted at one cemetery was pretty much what it would be found at another.

On the northern road, in which direction lie the united cemeteries of St. Pancras' and St. Marys' Islington, I had frequently observed on certain days of the week an odd-looking black carriage of the composite order. A respectable vehicle enough, and drawn by a pair of stout handsome horses. That it was a mourning-coach I was of course aware; that it was a hearse as well was evident from the fact that the great square space in

front, and above which the driver sat, was not unfrequently so very full of coffins, little and big, that the overhanging hammercloth revealed bluntly the shape of the ends of the boxes in which the mortal remains were deposited; but I did not discover that it was a parochial conveyance until one morning, while out walking High-gateward, I espied the black coach in question at a roadside inn, with the horses partaking of necessary refreshment from their nose-baga. The compartment in which the coffins are bestowed was empty; the coach portion in which mourners were bestowed was tenantless. Curiosity led me to step into the tavern to discover what had become of the bluff coachman, with his ruddy visage and his blacktop-boots, I had so often seen urging his sable team at a brisk trot towards the cemetery. I found the individual in question at the bar partaking of a pint of ale, and in a kind of tap-room near at hand there were the mourners. I cannot say that I was much shocked at finding a number of persons warm, or rather cold, from the burying-ground seeking public-house comfort. It is the common practice even amongst folks whose condition of life is different from that of the pauper. I have seen at an hostel near the City cemetery at Ilford, on a Sabbath afternoon too, quite a crowd of black carriages and hearses blocking the broad space before the doors, with the undertakers and their merry men enjoying themselves to their hearts' content in the way of gin-swiggung and pipe-smoking, while the great 'refreshment-room' at the rear of the premises has been filled with 'mourners'—men, women, and children; and through a stifling haze of tobacco smoke there were to be seen amongst the quart pots

and drinking measures on the table pyramids of black hats, the 'weepers' attached to which were trailing down and dabbling in the spilt liquor. It was not very astonishing therefore to find that the custodian of the parochial vehicle did not scruple to halt on his homeward journey for a 'bait and a sup.' I regret to relate, however, that although the last-mentioned individual was in a position to regale on bread-and-cheese and ale, his unlucky 'passengers' were by their poverty denied the poorest refreshment the tavern professed to supply. It was a wintry morning, and the newly-lit tap-room fire spluttered at the green sticks with which it was lit, and there sat the mourners who had come down with the recently deposited coffin-load at a table which was as bare as the cupboard to which Mother Hubbard in vain resorted for refreshment for her canine friend. They were not in workhouse attire all of them, the exceptions being, I suppose, poor folk whose relatives had died in the parochial asylum, and who had begged permission to see them into their grave. But their penury was so extreme that no one had been able to take to black crape or any other outward token of grief. They one and all wore only the badges of mourning with which Nature had endowed them—eyes red with weeping, and cheeks pallid with doleful reflection on the miserable ending. It seemed too preposterous to ask a number of persons,—strangers too,—with the solemn words of the burial service still ringing in their ears, 'what they would take to drink.' Otherwise it would have afforded me much pleasure to see them doing as the comfortable-looking coachman was, and I have no doubt that a liberal allowance of such mild entertain-

ment would have done them a great deal of good.

I ascertained that the next batch of paupers would be brought down for burial on the following Tuesday, and that it was due at the cemetery about ten o'clock. It was a bitterly cold morning, snow was on the ground to a depth of half a foot, and the roadway and the hedges were sparkling with hoar frost. Being at the cemetery in good time, I made my way to the place of parochial sepulture to see what preparation had been made. I found it to be a wholesale preparation. As remarked the old fellow who so bitterly resented his name being chalked on his coffin-lid, 'it makes really no difference;' but there can be no question that a parish grave of modern construction is not an affair the contemplation of which is calculated to favourably impress a person inevitably doomed thereto. It may not unreasonably be urged that burial-ground is precious—worth more per foot perhaps as regards many of our fashionable cemeteries than the precious earth at London's heart's core on which they build banks and insurance offices. But this does not alter the fact that the parish pit-hole is an ugly thing to see, especially when the mounds of raw clay thrown up from the chasm are covered with snow, and the iron-bound boards that temporarily cover the great hole are so thickly coated with the white of frost that the sparrows who have been hopping there have left the imprint of their busy feet. The way it is managed seems to be to bury a dozen paupers, more or less, in one grave, and after it is filled in to raise one gigantic mound of clay above the spot. Only the clay, however. In a line with the newly-dug trenches were many of these small hills; but

though they were overgrown with rank weeds and grass it was evident that no verdant mantle of green turf had been spared for any one of them—no stone, no flowers; nothing but an iron ticket of the size and shape of a working-man's shoe-sole, and with a letter and a number on it to denote, I suppose, when the short lease of the land granted to its occupiers might expire, so that new tenants might come in. I lingered at the frosty spot until the parish hearse arrived, and the bodies, having been first carried into the church, were decently lifted 'out by the grave-diggers. There were not many mourners that day—not so many as there were coffins, if my counting was correct; but three of them were women, and as they stood there in a melancholy row while the blackened boxes were being lowered, with the bleak north wind setting the skirts of their flimsy raiment fluttering and their teeth chattering, and causing their noses to glow with a dull purple hue on their pallid faces—as one noted these evidences of the life they lead, and probably would continue to lead until Death the deliverer came to the rescue, it seemed easier to be sorry for those who were going back to the 'house,' taking with them this grim haunting of what, after all, the end must be, than for those who, though consigned to the humblest of beds, were happily out of the world and its worries.

But I cannot help repeating that since it could be done so cheaply something might be done to make the pauper's grave a little more like that of other folks. It seemed to me that the poor workhouse mourners, as they looked around them from the frosty mound that edged the black hole, thought so too. They are only graves of the poorest class that are to be found

in the vicinity of the patch hired by the Poor-law Board, but there was scarcely one that was not adorned by some token of affection—crosses, vases, pictures, and images under glass shades, with bright bunches and bouquets of everlasting dyed grass and flowers.

'In God's acre, *i.e.* the church-yard, pride has no place,' is a favourite theme with moralists and pulpit preachers. The tolling of the bell dissolves all social distinctions, and dead Lazarus has as good a title to his 'six feet of English earth' as defunct Dives, albeit the latter was driven to his last narrow abode with as much, or even more, ceremony, with a difference of colour only, as when he set out to dine with my Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, or when, his wife and daughters instead of the horses wearing feathers, he carried them to the opera. On the hillocky domain of which the sexton holds the keys variety fails us, as does proverbial philosophy, for here the rule is not 'as you make your bed so you must lie.' There is only one sort of bed-maker and one sort of bed for all comers. The common lot, and so forth.

But come to regard the matter practically, and it is soon discovered that there is a deal of fudge in this kind of holding forth—from a worldly point of view, that is to say. No social distinctions in a place of public burial! Ask any undertaker what he has to say on this head. Why, he has as many 'classes' on his funeral price-list as the draper has in his silk department. There is the 'extra superfine,' the 'superfine,' the 'very good,' the 'ordinary,' and the 'common.' The undertaker has the greatest contempt for the 'common,' as indeed have the cemetery authorities. Com-

mercially speaking, 'they don't pay house-room.' It has been my experience to be assured of this from the lips of a cemetery functionary with whom I had sad dealing.

'You see,' he explained, 'the site you have chosen will in a short time be much improved, and consequently will increase in value.'

'How improve?' I asked him.

'Well, you see, sir, it is in the plan of the cemetery to have a broad path from where we stand straight to the church-door.'

'But,' said I, pointing towards

a long array of recently made mounds, 'what as to those?'

'Those?' he repeated, as though not catching my meaning; and then it suddenly struck him, and he replied, with a shrug of his shoulders, 'Those are merely common interments, sir; they don't interfere with the ultimate plan in the least.'

From which I could draw but one inference, namely, that when the time for the path was come nothing would be easier than to shovel off the mounds, run the heavy roller over the ground, and make all ready for the gravel.

CHANCE.

A word unspoken, a hand unpressed,
A look unseen, or a thought unguessed;
And souls that were kindred may live apart
Never to meet or to know the truth,
Never to know how heart beat with heart
In the dim past days of a wasted youth.

She shall not know how his pulses leapt
When over his temples her tresses swept;
As she leaned to give him the jasmine wreath,
She felt his breath, and her face flushed red
With the passionate love that choked her breath,
And saddens her life now her youth is dead.

A faded woman who waits for death,
And murmurs a name beneath her breath;
A cynical man who scoffs and jeers
At women and love in the open day,
And at night-time kisses with bitter tears
A faded fragment of jasmine spray.

J. M.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

A Reminiscence of the Himalayas.

THE privilege which the families of officers in the service of the State may be said exclusively to possess, of reproducing in Upper India—and especially in the Himalayan stations, and valley of Dhera Dhoon—the stately or cottage homes of England, is perhaps one, to a great extent, unfamiliar to their relatives at home; and it is scarcely too much to say that the general public, which, as a rule, considers the Indian climate an insuperable barrier to all enjoyment, has but a faint idea of that glorious beauty, which is no 'fading flower,' in this 'Happy Valley,' with its broad belt of virgin forest, that lies between the Himalayas proper and the sharp ridges of the wild Sewalic range. The latter forms a barrier between the sultry plains and the cool and romantic retreats, where the swords of our gallant defenders may be said to rest in their scabbards, and where, surrounded by the pleasures of domestic life, health and happiness may, in the intervals of piping times of peace, be enjoyed to their fullest extent.

In such favoured spots the exile from home may live, seemingly, for the present only; but, in truth, it is not so, for even under such favoured circumstances the tie with our natal place is never relaxed, and the hope of future return to it adds just that touch of pensiveness—scarcely sadness—which is the delicate neutral tint that brings out more forcibly the gorgeous colours of the picture.

The gaieties of the mountain stations of Mussoorie and Landour were now approaching their periodical close, in the early part of October, when the cold season commences. The attractive archery meetings on the green plateaux of the mountain-spurs had ceased, and balls and sumptuous dinner-parties were becoming fewer and fewer; while daily one group of friends after another, 'with lingering steps and slow,' on rough hill-ponies or in quaint jam-pans, were wending their way some six or seven thousand feet down the umbrageous mountain-sides, watched from above by those who still lingered behind, until they seemed like toilsome emmets in the far distance.

Now that our summer companions were gone we used to while away many an hour with our glasses, scanning in that clear atmosphere the vast plains stretched out beneath us like a rich carpet of many colours, but in which forms were scarcely to be traced at that distance. Here, twisted silver threads represented some great river; there, a sprinkling of rice-like grains, the white bungalows of a cantonment; while occasionally a sombre mass denoted some forest or mango tope. Around us, and quailing under fierce gusts of wind from the passes of the snowy range rising in peaks to nearly twice the altitude of the Alps, the gnarled oaks, now denuded of their earlier garniture of parasitical ferns, that used to adorn their mossy branches with Nature's own point

lace, seemed almost conscious of approaching winter.

Landour, now deserted, save by a few invalid soldiers and one or two resident families, had few attractions. The snow was lying deep on the mountain-sides, and blocking up the narrow roads. But winter in the Himalayas is a season of startling phenomena; for it is then that thunder-storms of appalling grandeur are prevalent, and to a considerable extent destructive. During the night, amidst the wild conflict of the elements, would, not unfrequently, be heard the bugles of the soldiers' Sanatorium, calling to those who could sleep to arouse themselves, and hasten to the side of residents whose houses had been struck by the electric fluid.

Still, we clung to our mountain-home to the last, although we knew that summer awaited us in the valley below, and that in an hour and a half we might with ease exchange an almost hyperborean climate for one where summer is perennial, or seems so—for the rainy season is but an interlude of refreshing showers.

At length an incident occurred which somewhat prematurely influenced our departure.

As we were sitting at an early breakfast one morning with the children, Khalifa, a favourite domestic, and one who rarely failed to observe that stately decorum peculiar to Indian servants, rushed wildly into the room, with every appearance of terror, screaming, 'Janwar! Burra janwar, sahib!'^{*} at the same time pointing to the window.

We could not at first understand what the poor fellow meant; but on looking out, were not a little disconcerted at the sight which presented itself.

Crouched on the garden-wall

* 'Wild beast! Big wild beast, air!'

was a huge spotted animal of the leopard species. It looked, however, by no means ferocious, but, on the contrary, to be imploring compassion and shelter from the snowstorm. Still, notwithstanding its demure cat-like aspect, its proximity was by no means agreeable. With a strange lack of intelligence, the brute, instead of avoiding the cold, had evidently become bewildered, and crawled up the mountain-side. As we could scarcely be expected to extend the rites of hospitality to such a visitor, the harmless discharge of a pistol insured his departure at one bound, and with a terrific growl.

Wild beasts are rarely seen about European stations. Those who like them must go out of their way to find them. But perhaps stupefied by cold while asleep, and pinched by hunger, as on the present occasion, they may lose their usual sagacity.

Having got rid of our unwelcome visitor, we determined at once to leave our mountain-home.

The servants were only too glad to hasten our departure, and in the course of an hour everything was packed up, and we were ready for the descent into the plains.

Notwithstanding the absence of a police force, robberies of houses are almost unknown; and therefore it was only necessary for us to draw down the blinds and lock the main door, leaving the furniture to take care of itself.

The jam-pans and little rough ponies were ready; the servants, although shivering in their light clothing, more active than I had ever before seen them; and in the course of another hour we were inhaling the balmy air of early summer.

The pretty little hotel of Rajpore, at the base of the mountain, was now reached; and before us

lay the broad and excellent road, shaded with trees, which, in the course of another twenty minutes, brought us to the charming cantonment of Deyrah. All Nature seemed to be rejoicing; the birds were singing; the sounds of bubbling and splashing waters (mountain-streams diverted from their natural channels, and brought into every garden), and hedges of the double pink and crimson Bareilly rose* in full bloom, interspersed with the oleander, and the mehndi (henna of Scripture) with its fragrant clusters, filling the air with the perfume of mignonette, presented a scene of earthly beauty which cannot be surpassed.

'How stupid we were,' I remarked, looking back at our late home, now a mere black speck on the top of the snowy mountain far above,—'how very foolish and perverse to have fancied ourselves more English in the winter up there, when we might all this time have been leading the life of Eden, in this enchanting spot!'

'Indeed we were,' replied my companion. 'But it is the way with us in India. We give a rupee for an English daisy, and cast aside the honeyed champah.'

In India there is no difficulty in housing oneself. No important agents are necessary, and advertising is scarcely known. Accordingly, without ceremony, we took quiet possession of the first vacant bungalow which we came to, and our fifteen domestics did not seem to question for a moment the propriety of the occupation. Under our somewhat despotic government, are not the sahib lög† above petty social observances?

* A remarkable plant. It is in constant bloom. On every spray there is a central crimson blossom, which only lasts one day, surrounded by five or six pink ones, which remain for many days.

† Dominant class.

While A. was busily employed getting his guns ready and preparing for shikari in the adjacent forest and jungles, which swarm with peafowl, partridges, quail, pigeons, and a variety of other game, my first care was to summon the resident mālī (gardener), and ascertain how the beautiful and extensive garden of which we had taken possession* might be further stocked.

'Mem sahib,† said the quiet old gardener, with his hands in a supplicatory position, 'there is abundance here of everything—aloo, lal sāg, anjir, padina, baingan, piyaz, khira, shalgham, kobs, ajmud, kharbuza, amb, amrut, anar, narangi—'‡

'Stay!' I interrupted; 'that is enough.'

But the old mālī had something more to add:

'Mem sahib, all is your own, and your slave shall daily bring his customary offering, and flowers for the table; and the protector of the poor will not refuse bakshes for the bearer.'

I promised to be liberal to the poor old man, and then proceeded to inspect the flower-garden.

Here I was surprised to find a perfect fraternisation between the tropical flora and our own. Amongst flowers not unfamiliar to the European were abundance of the finest roses, superb crimson and gold poincianas, the elegant hybiscus, graceful ipomceas, and convolvuli of every hue, the purple amaranth, the variegated double balsam, the richest marigolds, the pale-blue clusters of the plantago, acacias, jasmines, oranges, and pomegranates, intermixed with

* House-rent is paid monthly in India, in arrear.

† My lady.

‡ Potato, spinach, fig, mint, egg-plant, onion, cucumber, turnip, cabbage, parsley, melon, mango, guava, pomegranate, orange.

our own pansies, carnations, cinerarias, geraniums, fuchsias, and a wealth of blossoms impossible to remember by name.

'If there is a paradise on earth, it is this, it is this!'

Far more beautiful to the homely eye are such gardens than those of Shalimar and Pinjore, with their costly marble terraces, geometrical walks, fountains and cascades falling over sculptured slabs.

Nor are we in India confined to the enjoyment of Nature. Art* finds its way to us from Europe, and literature here receives the warmest welcome. Our pianos, our musical-boxes—our costly and richly bound illustrated works, fresh from England—the most thrilling romances of fiction, and all the periodicals of the day, are regularly accumulated in these charming Indian retreats, and keep up the culture of the mind in a valley whose 'glorious beauty' is, as I have said, no 'fading flower,' but the home of the missionary, and the resort of the war-worn soldier or truth-loving artist.

Nor is this all. Around Deyrah is some of the most exquisitely beautiful cave scenery, comparatively unknown even to Europeans; such, for example, as the wondrous natural tunnel, whose sides shine with the varied beauty of the most delicate mosaics, and are lit up by rents in the hill above; the 'dropping cave' of Sansadhara, 'bosomed high in

tufted trees;' and the strange ancient shrines sculptured in the romantic glen of Tope-Kesur-Mahadeo.

Of these, Sansadhara has lately been made the subject of a beautiful photograph, which, however, fails to convey the exquisite charm of the original; but the natural tunnel and Tope-Kesur-Mahadeo have never been presented by the artist to the public, although there are unique sketches of them in the fine collection of a lady* who, as wife of a former Indian Commander-in-Chief, had opportunities afforded to few of indulging her taste.

One might exhaust volumes in attempting to describe such scenes, and even then fail to do them the faintest justice. The Alps, with all their beauty, lose much of their grandeur after one has been in daily contemplation of the majestic snowy range of the Himalayas, while the forests and valleys that skirt its base have no counterpart in Europe. In these partial solitudes we lose much of our conventionality. The mind is to a certain extent elevated by the grand scale on which Nature around is presented. The occasional alarm of war teaches the insecurity of all earthly happiness. Our life is subject to daily introspection, and before the mind's eye is the sublime prospect, perhaps at no very distant period, of a Christian India rising from the ruins of a sensuous idolatry in immortal beauty.

L. A.

* There is no intention of disparaging beautiful native art.

* Lady Gomm.

ACROSTIC RULES.

1. A First Prize of £25, a Second Prize of £10, and a Third Prize of £5 will be awarded to the three persons who guess the greatest number of the fourteen Acrostics which will appear in *London Society* during the year, viz. in the Christmas Number for 1877, in the Numbers from January to December 1878, and in the Holiday Number.

2. The prizes will be paid in money, without any stipulation whatever.

3. If two or more solvers shall have guessed the same number of Acrostics at the end of the year, and so have tied for the Prizes, the Editor reserves to himself the right of determining how these 'ties' shall be guessed off.

4. Answers to the Acrostics must be sent by letter (not by post-card), not later than the 10th of each month, addressed to the Acrostic Editor of *London Society*, at Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.'s, 188 Fleet-street, London, E.C.

5. The answers should be signed with a legibly-written pseudonym, and the names and addresses of the prize-winners will be required for publication.

No. XIV.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A Double Acrostic is this, as no doubt

You will see at a glance when you once make it out.

- I. This must be coriaceous, should be neat.
- II. Amusing scenes of national conceit.
- III. The Board of Works might mourn of him bereft.
- IV. Of two brave columns this alone was left.
- V. This beat the Moor on many a battlefield.
- VI. Borne on a breastplate—mark, not on a shield.

THETA.

The list of correct Answers to this Acrostic will be published in the January Number of LONDON SOCIETY. Answers must be addressed to the Acrostic Editor of LONDON SOCIETY, 188 Fleet-street, London, E.C., as letters, not on post-cards, and must reach this address by December the 10th.

ANSWER TO No. XIII. (TRIPLE ACROSTIC).

- | | | |
|------|---|---|
| 1. N | E | W |
| 2. E | R | A |
| 3. W | A | R |

Correct solutions to the above have been received from Aces, Acipenser, Alma, Araba, Arno, Beatrice W., Bon Gualtier, Cadwallader, Caller Herrins, Cats & Co., Cerberus, COM, Coup d'Essai, Croydon Cat, Cwrws, Domino, Double Elephant, Elaine, Elisha, Elsinore, Etak, Excelsior-Jack, General Buncombe, Gnat, Gogledd Cymru, Griselda, Half-and-Half, Hampton Courtier, Hazlewood, H. B., Heartie, Hepton Hill, Hibernicus, Incoherent, Jessica, Kanitbeko, Lizzie, Mrs. Noah, Mungo-Puse-Tory, Murra, Myrtle, One A.M., Pat, Patty Probit, Penton, Pud, Racer, Roe, Shaftan, Sir Hans Sloane, Smaashavelin, Snodgrass, Tabitha, Tempus Fugit, The Borogoves, The Snark, Three Gorbs, Too Late, Try, Tweedledum, Verulam, Ximena, and Yours truly—63 correct; none incorrect.

Correct solutions of No. XII. were received from Caller Herrins and Coup d'Essai, and were duly credited.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No other words than those already published can be accepted as answers to the lights of No. XII. 'Eys' does not agree with 'those.'

It is necessary again to say, that for the fifth light of No. XI. 'Tones' is not admissible. Verulam's case is a hard one, perhaps, as he has guessed all the other acrostics, and failed only in this light. But he is not alone in his failure. If musical tones were of yore between three and twenty, then 'tones,' assuming they are limited to musical ones, will not accord with 'between a dozen and a score.' 'These (i.e. teens) are but seven' do not imply that there were ever more or less. 'Of yore' does not imply that they are different now. 'Yet' does not necessarily denote contrast. There are hundreds of tones; but 'teens' always were seven and between a dozen and a score, and they are so still.

Arno gave 'Tulips' instead of 'Taurus' for the sixth light of No. XII, and therefore was not credited.

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